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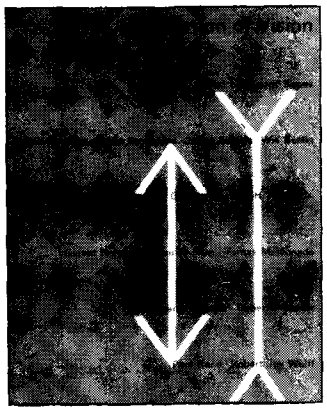

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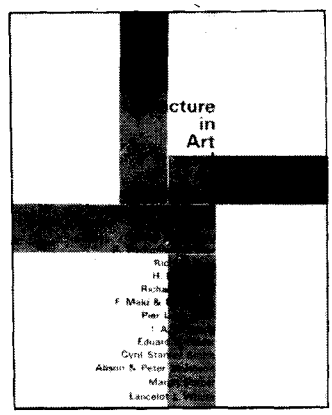

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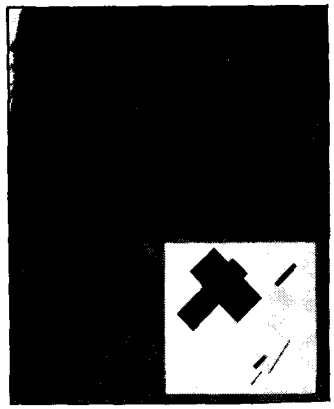

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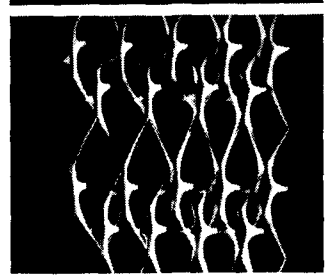

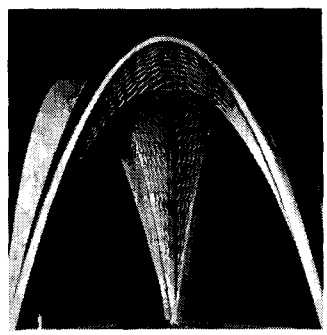

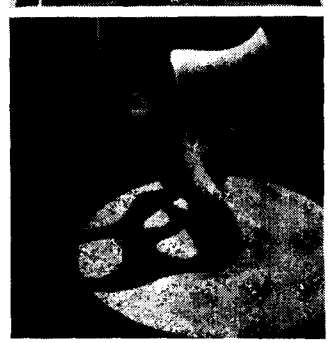

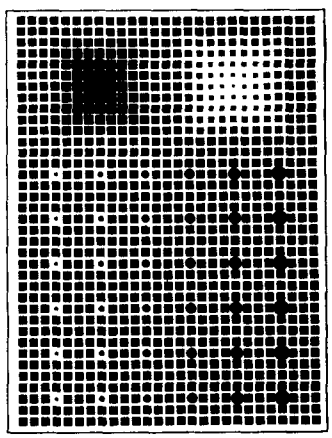

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T.R.B. from Washington

Rome Is Like Home

★ Reporting the Ecumenical Council at Rome and Pope Paul VI's visit to New York requires a journalistic blend of reverence and realism which every reporter hasn't mastered. Most editors have turned Rome coverage over to Catholics whose accounts of hierarchical skirmishes, for the most part, are refreshingly matter-of-fact. It sounds like Congress. At Rome, as a *New Republic* correspondent points out on page 15, the modernists appear to have a big majority, but the conservatives are well dug in. A Washington correspondent would feel right at home, we guess; the arch-conservative *Curia*, manned by Italians, seems a lot like the House Rules Committee under His Eminence Howard Smith (D, Va.) – at least before his wings were trimmed.

Pope Paul's benign visit to the UN and his meeting in tumultuous New York with President Johnson were bound to be 1965 spectaculars. It was Mr. Johnson who said at the June 25 gathering of the UN at San Francisco, "Let us act on the fact that less than $5 invested in population control is worth a $100 investment in economic development." But that had nothing to do with the unprecedented, 14-hour visit, before the flight back to Rome. As to the Council meeting at the Vatican, most American reporters seem biased in favor of the modernists. Occasionally they make the contest sound a bit like a football scrimmage. As of this writing they hint rather gloomily that birth control is slipping at Rome, and that maybe the Jews will have to shoulder the guilt of deicide for a century or two longer.

Economics aside, you can grow bananas on Pike's Peak. Not cheap, of course, but possessing a certain extravagant elegance. In effect, that's what we do under our sugar law. Tropical countries are the place to grow sugar cane. But we can get sugar out of US beets (plus some marginal cane areas) and our sugar states have powerful lobbies in Congress. And so, periodically, Congress allocates the 100 percent controlled US market between domestic and foreign producers. High-cost domestic producers are getting a bigger and bigger share. On the bananas-on-Pike's Peak principle the US housewife picks up the sugar bill. World cost of raising raw sugar, two cents a pound; US cost, four-and-a-half cents. Canada doesn't go in for this sort of thing, so a pound of sugar on the shelf in Windsor costs about eight cents; in Detroit, 11 cents. Even Maine is getting into the act. They are going to raise sugar beets in Aroostock County along with potatoes! However, now a Republican Congressman is making a name for himself; Paul Findley (D, Ill.) is saying, "Out upon this whole silly business!" and doing what the Democrats ought to be doing. He has gained quite remarkable support, though whether enough to modify the vicious extravagance is uncertain. Boss of the distribution is obstinate Rep. Cooley (D, N.C.), chairman of the House Agriculture Committee. He proposes to make the new allocation stick for more than five years. He believes in growing bananas on Pike's Peak. He is the greatest sugar daddy of all time.

Those Car Prices

★ And on the subject of consumers, here's another word on car prices. As we noted last week, the Council of Economic Advisers has pleaded with car manufacturers to use a portion of their immense profits (estimated at $2 billion this year for GM) to reduce prices. Instead, Chrysler, GM and Ford are raising prices. The public is gobbling up cars, why not charge all the traffic will bear? The point is that the CEA calls it inflationary. The theory of controlling cost of living is twofold: unions should hold wage demands down to productivity gains (about three and a half percent); manufacturers should distribute some of their profits, particularly when big, in lower prices. (This second part of the so-called "guidelines" is virtually never mentioned by newspapers.) The CEA is fuming over Detroit's latest action but we doubt if LBJ says anything about it. His consensus rests on business support.

Ku Klux Klan

★ In a week or two Congress is going to put on the gaudiest show of the year, the House Un-American Activities Committee's investigation of the KKK. Some people think this a good deal like having Ronald Reagan investigate the John Birch Society. House liberals urged the Judiciary Committee to do it; two of the six Negro members of Congress abstained from voting, four voted against HUAC's investigation. They expect Civil Rights to be investigated next.

But, anyway, here it comes and, as chairman Willis (D, La.) grimly says, "It won't be pretty!" A magnificent CBS documentary, produced by the late David Lowe, preceded it; it showed the car in which Mrs. Liuzzo, Detroit civil rights worker, was ambushed and killed; the earth dam that made the temporary grave of three civil rights workers, the car in which Lt. Col. Lemuel Penn was killed by a shotgun blast – all by alleged KKK terrorists, none of them convicted. One of the things that is most shocking is the way these bigots debase Christian symbols.

The bed-sheeted Klan parades around a burning symbol of the Crucifixion; it sings "The Old Rugged Cross"; it kneels for divine blessing. It quotes the Bible, and salutes the flag; it hates Catholics, Jews, "Nigras," and liberal Protestants about equally. David Lowe's documentary showed a Negro who had "KKK" carved in his side and back; another who was castrated – with turpentine poured on the wounds. Pretty – no, it won't be pretty! There is little to indicate that the five-man Willis subcommittee won't try to make the thing a circus, and clumsily confirm the frightened bigots that they are being persecuted. On the other hand, who knows? Four of the subcommittee are from the South. If they can drag the bedsheets off the illiterate garage mechanics and shoe salesmen who make the Klan; if they can show, what is suspected, that the leaders are mulcting the gullible, financially, then the inquiry might be a success.

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Black and White Schools

This was the year for school integration in the South, and it has begun with very little conflict and very little integration. On paper, the US Office of Education has promises of compliance with its desegregation guidelines from all but 71 of the region's 3,900 school districts. The promises will get them federal aid, about $800 million of it. But in the cities and towns, 92 percent of the Negro students are still in separate and largely unequal schools.

What went wrong? At bottom there has been a failure of nerve on the part of policy-makers, right up to the President, to require integration. Under Title VI of last year's Civil Rights Act, the federal government can withhold funds from public schools which discriminate. What "discrimination" means is up to the federal agencies to decide. In its guidelines published (after long delay) last April 29, the Office of Education decreed that local officials "must eliminate all practices characteristic of dual or segregated school systems." No ifs and buts there. It was left to a small overworked staff, however, to decide what elimination of the practices entailed.

They accepted almost anything the local school boards proposed. Several Mississippi districts were allowed two-grades-a-year plans, though the minimum set in the guidelines was four grades desegregated during the first year, and all grades desegregated by September, 1967. Districts under court order to desegregate were permitted to follow court-approved plans, even though most were far below guideline standards, and were usually on appeal (often from racist judges) to higher courts. Worst of all, the Office approved "freedom of choice" desegregation plans which put the burden of desegregation on those who are now segregated. A Justice Department attorney admitted last summer that given the temper of the South, "freedom of choice" would not result in desegregation, and indeed it has not. At best it has let a few "token" Negroes into all-white schools. "They are still only Negroes going to white schools, not Negroes and whites going to public schools," an Office of Education official reports.

In the absence of an effective instrument for enforcing or even investigating compliance, the familiar pattern of intimidation and evasion has developed. Southern Negroes who dare exercise "freedom of choice" are pressured or forced to withdraw: "It takes a Negro parent with a lot of guts and an independent income to get his child into a white school," another staff member says. Where civil rights workers are helping Negroes enter white schools, acts of violence are

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publicized, because they are news; otherwise, the Office of Education has only the vaguest idea of what is happening. It has merely made spot telephone checks on the compliance picture, but the only regional report on the process of desegregation was issued last week by the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.

In some districts, Negro students have been jailed for "forging" signatures to application forms for white schools. Negro parents are threatened by employers (in Neshoba County, Mississippi); children on the highway waiting for school buses are frightened by whites (Route 80, Alabama); and schools have been closed rather than let in Negroes (Bertie County, N.C.). Still, the districts will receive their federal money – in ever-increasing grants, too, with the passage of the aid-to-education act. The procedures for cutting off federal funds appear to be too slow and vulnerable to political pressure to be workable except in the longest run, after the victimized students are out of the school system. Congress has not been very helpful: A request for more money to run the Office of Education's compliance section has been refused. Southern Congressmen sit on the backs of the best-intentioned Washington officials, with no equivalent integrationist pressure.

No high federal official has ever declared true integration of the schools to be public policy. Nondiscrimination, desegregation, and freedom of choice are essentially neutralist positions in the war on segregation. Without firm plans to assure a racial balance in schools roughly equal to what is found in the whole community, Negroes and whites will continue to face each other across a sea of separateness.

Title VI is not a button to be pressed for instant integration, but it could have been used to demand changes in segregated communities, demands that would have required a lot more work, and a lot more courage. Many of the Office of Education guidelines were vague: racist school boards could present almost any plan for faculty integration, equal access to services and facilities, and school-transfer regulations – and be declared in compliance. Even more disheartening, the Office did not enforce its own strongest guidelines. Districts in the South opened white schools on freedom-of-choice plans but took care not to inform Negro parents that they now had a choice. Superintendents were allowed to declare white schools "overcrowded" on the flimsiest of evidence. In some districts, white students were allowed in from neighboring counties to "overcrowd" and thus exclude Negroes.

What has happened is a bureaucratic answer to a bureaucratic question: how to process 3,900 compliance forms so that Southern school districts can get federal aid with minimum trouble. Eleven years after the Supreme Court's order to desegregate public schools "with all deliberate speed," Negro and white children throughout America still get separate educations.

Lowering the Bench

President Johnson has decided to make two judicial nominations – one unconscionable, the other dubious – which call for the fullest exercise of the Senate's constitutional responsibility to advise and consent, or refuse its consent, as the facts and its own independent judgment dictate.

Francis X. Morrissey of Boston, whom the President wants to create a judge of the US District Court in Massachusetts, is an old Kennedy family retainer, and that, apparently, is all in the world he is or has been. He came up the hard way, Speaker McCormack has proudly allowed. The very hard way, and not very far up. He had no easy time gaining admission to the Bar. He attained, to say the least, no distinction, indeed, scarcely a practice, once admitted. And he finally rose in 1958 to a seat on the Boston Municipal Court. The late President Kennedy could not bring himself to send Mr. Morrissey's name to the Senate. His brother Edward did bring himself to send it to the White House, and President Johnson, feeling perhaps somewhat mischievously that only little of the blame will attach to him, has said he will make the nomination. The American Bar Association is up in arms, and for once rightly so. Absolutely nothing is publicly known of Mr. Morrissey that remotely fits him for the federal bench. The job is intellectually demanding, and judges who cannot cope with it are not harmless. They have a great deal of independent power, which no one can exercise for them. With the best will in the world, they are liable to injure private interests and the public interest. On the evidence so far available, the Senate ought not to confirm this nomination.

The dubious nomination is that of Dan M. Russell, Jr., as Judge of the US District Court for the Southern District of Mississippi. Mr. Russell, lawyer and politician, is billed as a moderate, chiefly because he supported the Johnson-Humphrey ticket in 1964, which of course few Mississippi lawyer-politicians did. But there are those – well versed in Mississippi politics – who think Mr. Russell may have been the segregationist undercover man in the Johnson-Humphrey camp. Certainly Mr. Russell's connections, political and family (and as in Massachusetts, family connections in Mississippi have political significance) are uncompromisingly segregationist. Politics in Mississippi is, moreover, especially devious business. Hence the knowledgeable surmise that Governor Paul B. Johnson, who with the rest of the state establishment was for Goldwater and segregation in 1964, more or less commissioned Mr. Russell to work for the regular Democratic ticket, in order that the establishment might keep open a channel of influence to the Administration in Washington for patronage and other purposes. If so, the

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Governor seems to have planned it extremely well.

There is no proving or disproving this Machiavellian surmise – not in this world –and Mr. Russell might be an acceptable nominee regardless. But the Senate Judiciary Committee should at least put Mr. Russell through the sort of searching investigation and face-to-face inquiry into his outlook and convictions that were conducted in the case of Judge J. P. Coleman, former governor of Mississippi, who was recently named to the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit.

Some Other Time, Perhaps

By the time the House of Representatives finally scuttled the Administration's home rule bill last week there was very little left to scuttle. The original bill to give self-government to residents of Washington, D. C., provided for an automatic federal payment to the District of Columbia. The House abandoned this in favor of an annual congressional appropriation. The original legislation provided for party elections of a mayor, council, school board, and a nonvoting delegate to the House. Supporters of the bill, at the last minute, gave way to Republican demands for nonpartisan elections. (Republicans in the Capital have a better chance to win if nobody knows they're Republicans). But the bill did not suffer death by such mutilations; emasculated as it was, it never came to a vote. Instead the House passed another bill, introduced by Rep. B. F. Sisk (D, Calif.), which put home rule right back where Southern obstructionists fearing "Negro rule" want it – somewhere in the indefinite future.

The Sisk bill, which bears no resemblance to the bill previously passed by the Senate, would require two referendums of District voters, the first to establish that residents of Washington want home rule (three referendums in the past ten years have already shown that they do) and to set up a commission to draw up still another home rule plan. A second referendum would have Washingtonians vote on the plan itself. Finally, Congress would have 90 days in which to accept the plan in its entirety or, more likely, to veto it, leaving everybody back where they started.

The Sweeteners

The extension of the Sugar Act, on which Andrew Hamilton comments in this issue ("Cotton Candy from Congress"), attracted a buzzing swarm of lobbyists to Capitol Hill, dispatched by foreign governments hoping to get, keep or increase their share of US sugar imports. These imports used to come almost exclusively from Cuba and the Philippines, but Congress divided up Cuba's quota among other foreign producers.

The lobbyists are lawyers and public relations men who command some heady fees. When this talent and the House Agriculture Committee got through with the sugar bill, it bore slight resemblance to the Administration's recommendations, which were based on the amount of sugar each country has sold to the United States in recent years. Argentina, which had no lobbyist, found its quota cut to one-third the recommended size. Venezuela, which had a lobbyist, found its quota increased about 12 times above the recommendation (the lobbyist reported a $50,000 fee for his services in the most recent 12-month period). Thailand got a spoonful for the first time; its lobbyist was George M. Grant, formerly a Congressman from Alabama and a member of the Agriculture Committee. Grant's $3,500 fee was modest by comparison – for instance, Arthur L. Quinn, who represented four Latin American countries was paid $25,000. During the hearings, Rep. Cooley (D, N.C.) credited Quinn with the Administration's decision to drop plans for a revival of a sugar import fee, which would have benefited the US Treasury.

A final oddity was the House Agriculture Committee's assignment of a quota to the Bahamas, the beneficiary of which is Owens-Illinois, an American paper company which has been harvesting pulpwood in the Bahamas and now wants to use the cutover land to grow sugar for sale in the subsidized American market.

Why the Poverty War Seems a Muddle

Trying to make sense of the anti-poverty war is like wrestling in a hammock. The Office of Economic Opportunity, in Washington, seems like a bedlam even though the people in it are all earnestly striving to push the war forward on all fronts. And the reason, one finally realizes, is that the anti-poverty program does not really have a strategy for conquering poverty. It has a man, Sargent Shriver, but it does not have a plan. It does not have jobs for large numbers of unemployed people. The new housing act will not provide anywhere enough accommodations for the large number of people living in slums. And the program is not equipped to break the hammer-lock of de facto segregation in schools and housing in the big northern cities.

At best, the poverty warriors have assembled an array of tools for poking about in the slums. The people there can be provided with lawyers and doctors; little children can go to preschools where they are taught and fed; the neighborhood workers offer a more efficient means for shuttling welfare clients to government offices where their needs can be ministered to

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more quickly; the project can provide training to get some people into some jobs. And if the OEO insists, as it has not yet done, on making sure the poor have a major hand in running the programs that affect them, it may provide them with a means for making city hall pay more attention to their needs, and in doing so reinvigorate the institutions of democratic government.

These are not unimpressive aims. But in the end, they will not be sufficient to stand masses of poor people on their feet, able to make a go of it in this society. This is the real difficulty with the anti-poverty war. It lies behind the other, pepper-shot criticisms that are raining down on Mr. Shriver from left, right and center. He is in for another round of congressional keelhauling. And lately he has run into heavy going in his own shop.

Half a dozen top aides are leaving. And while it is insisted that their departures were planned long ago, two of them, Richard Boone, a top Community Action program official, and Jack Conway, deputy director, have left their associates with deep impressions of their frustrations and even bitterness in dealing with Shriver. Boone, apparently because he was increasingly displeased by the lack of real participation by the poor themselves in running local programs, found himself gradually frozen out of the anti-poverty war's hierarchy. Conway tried to establish a modicum of administrative order at the headquarters office, only to be confounded by Shriver who refused to loose his own hands from the smallest administrative details and who apparently tolerates the petty slanders that go on among his employees.

Boone left to become executive director of the Citizens Crusade against Poverty, which is headed by Walter Reuther and looks very much like the beginnings of the labor movement's own war against poverty. While this group's plans still are nebulous, there are suggestions that it may find the resources and the people to begin community action programs run more openly by people living in the impoverished neighborhoods. This can be a difficult job for the federal government itself to do, since it may result in putting ghetto neighborhoods in seeming revolt against a mayor who may well be a Democrat. It is conceivable that if the labor unions took an active hand in promoting such neighborhood groups, reluctant city Democrat politicians might be brought to the point of letting the poor run their own poverty programs instead of bossing them around.

Conway, who had come to Shriver from the AFL-CIO, sought to establish a line of administrative order at the OEO. In part that would mean putting an end to embarrassing mistakes. For instance, last winter the Wisconsin state poverty director was given a small grant to lay out programs in the state. But within a couple of months the checks stopped arriving and he was having difficulty paying the staff. When one of Senator Gaylord Nelson's assistants called the OEO in Washington to find out what had happened, he was told the Wisconsin man was a pain in the neck and that so long as he kept pestering Washington he would not get any more money.

In another instance a VISTA recruiter got together a crew of poor Negroes in San Francisco, and promised to send them to Chicago for training. Some quit their jobs on that promise. But when the field recruiter returned to Washington, he was told the San Francisco Negroes were not needed.

Shriver has taken a personal interest in administration, and while his insistence on knowing all the details of grants before signing them probably is useful in keeping bureaucrats on their toes, these grant-signing occasions apparently from time to time degenerated into mean, backbiting sessions between Conway and William Haddad, the Inspector General. Haddad, who also has resigned, was charged with looking into field operations with an eye to finding out what was going wrong with the programs. But the trouble seems to have been that the Inspector General's people concerned themselves less with substantive difficulties of the programs than with information impugning the personal competence or character of the people working under Conway's direction. At the grant-signing sessions at poverty headquarters, one gathers, accusations flew back and forth, resulting in a good deal of ill feeling on the part of Conway, who stood up for his people. When he announced his departure from OEO, Conway told his staff that he hoped to accomplish more for the poverty program from the outside than by working within.

Reports of the arguments in the higher reaches of the OEO may be exaggerated, but they have had a pervasive and depressing effect in the lower echelons, which utterly detest the work of the Inspector General's Office. It is called "The Fink Shop" – not so much because of its criticisms of their programs but because of the suspicion that its files consist of personal gossip. The consequence is that far from Shriver having a staff full of new ideas, the people at the poverty program are tending to become cautious and conservative.

All of this puts the Office of Economic Opportunity and its director, Mr. Shriver, in an unenviable spot. It has no real plan for ending poverty. The employees, who always have been a spirited and restless group, now find themselves in the midst of a depressing office squabble. This sort of situation can result in the creation of just another dead bureacracy. It might end with the people who came to work in hopes of ending poverty believing that their own livelihoods depend on perpetuating the existence of the poor.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

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Cotton Candy from Congress

Thanks to the Administration's farm bill the declining US cotton trade is getting a new infusion of life. The price of seats on the New York Cotton Exchange has tripled within the year, and the defunct New Orleans Cotton Exchange will probably reopen. Cotton exporters hope to "recapture America's historic share of the cotton trade." Senator Talmadge of Georgia, a sponsor of the cotton provisions, estimates that over the four-year life of the program the US will increase its exports by 20 percent, from around five million bales a year to about six million. Sales to domestic cotton mills are expected to rise, as cotton becomes more competitive with rayon and other artificial fibers. Agriculture Department officials are delighted because they appear to have found a market for the cotton surplus, which was growing increasingly more costly to handle.

In the midst of all the congratulations, little notice was paid by Senators debating the farm bill, or by the Administration, to a note of protest handed to Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Jack Hood Vaughn, who is also US Coordinator for the Alliance for Progress. Ten Latin American ambassadors, led by Nicaragua's Guillermo Sevilla-Sacasa, called on Vaughn at the State Department to tell him that the new cotton program will reduce world cotton prices by one to three cents a pound, with a loss of Latin American export earnings amounting to between $20 million and $60 million a year. The countries which will be hurt include Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Paraguay and Peru. The loss will be especially heavy for Mexico and the Central American republics. And there was, after all, President Johnson's promise, in his speech on August 17 commemorating the fourth anniversary of the Alliance for Progress, to "step up our efforts to prevent disastrous changes in the prices of those basic commodities which are the lifeblood of so many of our economies."

Other developing nations – Egypt, the Sudan and the former French colonies in Africa and Greece, Afghanistan, Burma, Iran, Pakistan and Turkey – will feel the effects of this effort to recapture some of the cotton exports we have lost since the end of the Korean War.

Until now, the United States has kept the US market price for cotton at a high level to protect its own farmers, thereby encouraging a number of developing countries to grow cotton and sell it for export under US prices. To hold on to the export market Congress in 1956 directed the government to pay an export subsidy on cotton. Nonetheless, more and more foreign countries in recent years have found it profitable to grow more and more cotton, and US exports have declined accordingly. The new cotton bill retaliates by setting the US market price *below* the world market level and making up the loss to farmers through direct Treasury payments. A few farmers who can grow cotton at world prices and thrive will be permitted to expand their production greatly, without benefit of support payments. The result will be to place the price-depressing weight of the large US cotton surplus directly on the world market, driving the price downward, as the Latin American ambassadors pointed out.

Faced with such trade tactics, developing countries which need cotton export earnings and have invested time and capital in building up their production may have to give up on cotton, with attending losses, since they do not have the stakes to stay in a price-cutting game with the United States. Some may decide to stick it out for the next three or four years and continue producing cotton for export (with a further depressing effect on prices) in the hope that Congress will decide that the cost of making up the difference to US cotton farmers has become too high. Alternative export crops, such as sugar and coffee, have little attraction for the developing countries; their prices are already depressed.

Protectionism and subsidized exports are common sins in agriculture, particularly among the industrialized nations. But the new cotton program goes beyond the ordinary effect of such policies. In the first place, our competitors are not other industrialized nations with well-subsidized agriculture. Also, the humanitarian grounds on which overproduction of food is excused because of widespread hunger in the world do not apply to cotton, which is primarily an industrial raw material.

A rational policy of comparative advantage would seem to dictate that the United States produce only such cotton as it can sell in world and domestic markets without government subsidies. Of course, such a policy would leave adjustment problems; thousands of small cotton farmers, including Negro sharecroppers, would have to shift to other crops, or leave farming. But adjustment could hardly be more costly in the long run than maintaining the current subsidized production pattern, with its high Treasury payments and injury to countries with few other sources of income. The bulk of the subsidies, moreover, go not to farmers on the borderline of poverty but to relatively efficient, mechanized farmers who are the big producers. In the irrigated San Joaquin valley in California, where the country's most productive cotton farms are located, large farms which predominate, *average* $80,000 a year *net* income from cotton production, and even the few medium-sized farms average $28,000 net annually.

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A year ago there were reports that the Administration was planning to reduce farm subsidies, and Kermit Gordon, then Mr. Johnson's Budget Director, advocated this in a magazine article. But protests from the farm bloc caused the President to shelve these plans, and the new farm bill basically reaffirms current policy for another four years.

This is also the year for sugar legislation, and the Congress, having done its best for American wheat, feed grains and cotton farmers, is turning its hand to sugar. The House Agriculture Committee reported September 21 an extension of the Sugar Act which confirms and accelerates the trend toward proportionately greater domestic production of beet sugar and proportionately less imports of cane sugar from tropical countries. The US beet sugar industry could not exist without the subsidies of the Sugar Act, which keeps the price of raw sugar in this country about twice as high as it normally is on the world market. (The Act also prohibits the importation of all but an infinitesimal amount of refined cane sugar, even if it is refined in Puerto Rico.)

The Agriculture Committee disguises this subsidized invasion of the sugar markets of Latin America and other tropical countries by grandly and arbitrarily handing out to its favorite countries – or the countries of its favorite lobbyists – shares of the dwindling proportion of the US sugar market which is reserved for imports. As with cotton, the Sugar Act forces the American public to pay an unnaturally high price for a product which could be obtained more economically from countries which have little else to sell, but which cannot find the markets for their products. Rep. Paul Findley (R, Ill.) estimates that the sugar quotas cost American consumers $700 million a year over the five years of the program (admittedly a high estimate since it is based on comparison with the unnaturally depressed world price). The Agriculture Department estimates it will cost the Treasury at least $700 million a year over four years. It also says there are fewer than 700,000 cotton farms in this country and only about 56,000 sugar farms, including Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. The American public might not save the whole $1.4 billion a year if these programs were put on a more rational basis, but it would certainly get more for the money. For one thing, the foreign aid program would have a better chance of helping develop countries which grow cotton and sugar. About $2 billion of the $3.4 billion the US spent in fiscal 1965 on development loans, supporting assistance and Food for Peace – the major categories of foreign economic aid – was put in countries where cotton and sugar are significant crops. ANDREW HAMILTON

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Crime in the Streets and The New McCarthyism

Perhaps the most distressing by-product of the rising crime rate is that we may be entering a period similar in some respects to the McCarthy era. In that era, the way to instant popularity in some quarters was to denounce Communism generally and then accuse people in high places of being soft on Communism. Now it seems that the way to instant popularity may be to denounce crime in the streets and then accuse people in high places of being soft on criminals. I trust that we shall not have to experience the full virulence of the McCarthy era before we all agree that crime in the streets is primarily slum-produced crime, and that the only real cure for this malady which besets our society is the elimination of the slums.

New developments in our administration of criminal justice are charged to be the cause of crime. Parenthetically, these charges stem primarily from the very people who oppose our national effort to elevate the standard of living of our poor and thus eliminate the slums. Those who scream loudest about violent crime in the streets are often the very ones resisting the passage of a gun registration law as a violation of their constitutional rights.

Any consideration of the courts' efforts to civilize the administration of criminal justice should begin with the case of *Brown* v. *Mississippi*, decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in 1936. *Brown* was the first case in which the Supreme Court reversed a conviction in a state court because a coerced confession was used in evidence against the accused. Brown and two co-defendants were sentenced to death on the sole basis of confessions obtained by hanging Brown from a tree and by whipping his co-defendants in the following manner, as described by two dissenting justices of the Supreme Court of Mississippi, which court nevertheless affirmed the convictions:

> ". . . The two last named defendants were made to strip and they were laid over chairs and their backs were cut to pieces with a leather strap with buckles on it, and they were likewise made by the said deputy definitely to understand that the whipping would be continued unless and until they confessed, and not only confessed, but confessed in every matter of detail as demanded by those present; and in this manner the defendants confessed the crime, and as the whippings progressed and were repeated, they changed or adjusted their confessions in all particulars of detail so as to conform to the demands of their torturers. . . ."

Since *Brown* the courts have continued to take a hard look at how confessions are obtained. And it is

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in this area of confessions where the complaints against the courts are the loudest. Many people who seem perfectly content to have counsel appointed for indigent defendants and who agree that an accused in a criminal case should be afforded every constitutional protection in the courtroom, nevertheless want to blink at the manner in which the evidence presented to the court is obtained. As long as what happens in public view in the courtroom in the presence of the American flag does not offend their sensitivities, these people see no reason to look back at the investigative process which produced the evidence. For example, in *Brown* the Mississippi courts seemed completely satisfied to have the coerced confessions allegedly made by illiterate Negro youths read to the jury in the antiseptic atmosphere of the courtroom, completely unconcerned about the tree and the belt and the buckles which produced them.

Fortunately, the constitutional protections of the Bill of Rights are not limited to the courtroom, and courts must examine the police procedures by which evidence is obtained before allowing it to be used against the accused. It is no longer necessary, to exclude a confession, to show that the accused was hung from a tree to obtain it. Courts have come to take seriously the concept that our system of criminal justice is an accusatorial, not an inquisitorial, system. Again and again, the courts have urged investigative officers, state and federal, to obtain evidence of crime, not primarily from the mouth of the suspect, but from other persons and physical facts which may be more reliable. Unfortunately, police inquisitions are secret. There is no way to determine how a confession is obtained in the privacy of the police station. The dangers of overreaching a lone suspect under these circumstances are obvious. And the uncorroborated court testimony of the defendant as to how the confession was obtained will seldom be heard over the testimony of the officers who obtained it.

It was to eliminate this unseemly swearing match, this uneven contest, and to reduce the dangers inherent in secret inquisition, that the courts have moved in the direction of requiring the states and the government to produce evidence extrinsic to the accused in seeking his conviction of crime. The culmination of the courts' efforts in this direction was the case of *Mallory* v. *United States*, decided in 1957. There the Supreme Court held that an arrested person "is not to be taken to police headquarters in order to carry out a process of inquiry that lends itself, even if not so designed, to elicting damaging statements to support the arrest and ultimately his guilt."

The storm that broke over *Mallory* has not diminished. The attempts of the courts of the country, state and federal, to follow the teachings of *Mallory* have exacerbated the problem, and the Supreme Court, in its *Escobedo* case, decided two years ago, has brought the controversy to the breaking point.

In *Escobedo* a defendant was said to have confessed in the police station while his lawyer in an adjoining room was denied access to him. The Supreme Court held that the Sixth Amendment right to counsel means the right to counsel at all critical stages of the prosecution, including the stage during which an effort is being made by the police to extract a confession. The Court stated that to deny an accused counsel in such circumstances would make a mockery of the trial itself; that the right to counsel only at the formal trial would be a very hollow thing indeed if the real trial takes place in the police station. It has also been suggested, half in jest no doubt, that if the real trial is to be held in the police station, then the American flag ought to be removed from the courtroom and placed in the police station in the hope that the Bill of Rights will follow the flag.

Between *Mallory-Escobedo* and the rising crime rate, the people of this country are divided into two camps, with the camp holding out for the presumption of innocence and respect for the Bill of Rights having a small population indeed. The great majority of the people understandably are concerned about the rising crime rate. And, as in all times of public excitement, it is up to our leaders, particularly those knowledgeable in the area of administration of criminal laws, to provide guidance. Some of our leaders have tried to do so. The President, while on several occasions expressing concern about the rising crime rate, called attention to the fact that crime in the street for the most part is the product of our poverty – poverty in our affluent society.

Mr. David Acheson, former chief federal prosecutor in the nation's capital, in a recent speech stated that court decisions have as much effect on the crime rate as aspirin on a brain tumor. Criminals simply do not read court opinions before they commit crime. I might add that dropouts from the fourth track in Washington's largely segregated school system, who are said to be responsible for much of the street crime there, usually cannot read at all. Certainly they would have great difficulty understanding the opinions of the Supreme Court, or any other court.

It bears repeating – the Bill of Rights protects all of us or none of us. There is no expedient middle ground. The teaching of history is clear. A government which provides a police state for its poor so that the rest of us can breathe fresh air of freedom is not long for this 20th-Century world.

J. Skelly Wright

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Tell It to the President

When Richard Neustadt's classic study, *Presidential Power*, appeared five years ago, it was acclaimed for its treatment of a central problem of the Presidency: the problem of Presidential communication and command. How were Presidents to know what was going on in their administrations? Who among their senior subordinates were wholly loyal; who were in covert dissent or secret opposition; who were serving themselves before they served the President? John F. Kennedy studied the Neustadt analysis of such questions and benefited from it. Under him, however, the problem remained as Neustadt defined it – serious, probably insoluble. Now, after almost two years of Lyndon Johnson, the book is weirdly irrelevant. Johnson has not merely solved the problem. He has abolished it. Who today wonders whether and how the President keeps his Cabinet moguls in line, in frank and continuous communication with him, under his effective command? There are no moguls. The question does not arise.

One effect is a top-side discipline which has no precedent. It is conceivable that a Johnson Cabinet member is confiding to a secret diary the equivalent of the late Harold Ickes' roiling envies of his colleagues. But there is no equivalent today of the continuous public revelation – and public knowledge – that there *were* important differences on important matters between Ickes and Henry Wallace, Ickes and Morgenthau, Ickes and Franklin Roosevelt himself. The feudings under Roosevelt, the battles large and petty under Truman and, to a somewhat lesser extent, under Eisenhower, took their toll in reputations and efficiency but they paid a public dividend. The American public in those years knew a great deal about its business that it does not know and plainly is not going to be allowed to know under Lyndon Johnson.

The duty of the press and other media is to see that the public does know. Aggressive reporters can and do nick at the wall of reticence rising between them and the inner news. Such specialists in foreign affairs as Chalmers Roberts, John Hightower and Max Frankel still may supplement and occasionally correct the official line. But the President has them and their fellows just about licked. He has licked them with a formula of news control which is unique in its simplicity, its remorseless application, and its fundamental absurdity. The Johnson rule, stated approximately as the President has stated it on several occasions, is that he is never to be surprised by anything he reads in the newspapers or hears on television and radio about the policies, actions, intentions of his Administration.

Nothing recently reported, including the dictum of Press Secretary Bill D. Moyers that the White House is to have first call on all pending news announcements by the principal government agencies, conveys the full force and intensity of the President's determination in this matter. He actually believes, or appears to believe, that he can and should be forewarned of every statement, announcement, explanation and exposition of any importance whatever, bearing upon the performance and prestige of his government, at home and throughout the world. Whether the source of the news be Saigon or Rawalpindi or Washington makes no difference. The President reasons: if they had time to tell the press, they had time to tell *him*.

The President does not spend his days and nights staring at the banked television sets and news tickers in his office. Hours and even days may pass with hardly a glance at them. The White House monitors who select items of assumed interest to him from the vast inflow must pick and choose, wanly hoping that they won't overlook something that he spots for himself. In short, despite the enormous and ever-growing informational machine devised and manned for him, what draws his notice is often a matter of sheer chance. If the noticed item displeases him – because he has not been forewarned, or it does not precisely coincide with what he has been told, or it seems to be less than just to the Great Society – hell pops on the Johnson scale. Huge demands may suddenly be put upon the bureaucracies concerned for more information, explanations, correction of errant items, the identification and rebuke of culprits. If the item has originated abroad, the convulsion is international. It typically has no relationship to the importance or unimportance of the item in question. It creates no guides for the future. It is a lone happening, related only to the President's momentary interest and irritation and perhaps to the cir-

COMING: *What's ahead for American education? Christopher Jencks ventures a guess.*

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cumstance that he just happened to glance at a ticker or catch a broadcast fragment at a given moment. No doubt this sort of thing jerks laggards to attention, puts intricate communications systems to useful tests, and generally smartens up the affected segments of government. But there is an unsettling quality of caprice in much of it; an arbitrary reminder that what Lyndon wants Lyndon *really* gets, whether he or anybody else really needs it.

The fact that a colossal, expanding, and expensive internal news operation serves the President should not be news to anyone. That it may be news is principally due to the fact that most journalists are bored with the mechanics of government. The worldwide system in question has been a-building for years. The job of centering it at the White House, for the President's use, was begun under Eisenhower and stepped up for John Kennedy. It is being accelerated and completed, in a big way, for Johnson. The massive flows of informational traffic into State, Defense, CIA and other agencies are being funneled, by the latest electronic means, past departmental checkpoints and straight to the White House. One of several purposes is to remove from the departments to the White House the discretion as to what the President shall and shall not see. It already is nigh impossible and soon will be quite impossible for seniors and underlings in the sensitive departments to withhold anything on paper from the President's staff. The Johnson rule is that their business – all of it – is his business. How the small White House staff is to master, track and sort this immense traffic, which for some years now has all but paralyzed the receiving departments, is the kind of problem which the President leaves to his staff. His demand to be told before the public is told is putting heavy strains upon the communications system and upon the field offices which feed it. American embassies, economic missions, military installations throughout the world are being called upon for a job that they are neither designed nor staffed to do. They are being driven into competition, quite literally, with the news services. They are expected to report promptly and fully not only their official transactions but much that is in the public realm – a foreign Prime Minister's statement of policy to his parliament, for a frequent instance. No AP or UPI editor values a half-hour "beat" on his rival more than the equivalent official beat on the newspapers and news services is valued at the Johnson White House.

The controlling truth may be that it all is part of the steady concentration of power and responsibility in the modern Presidency. Lyndon Johnson did not initiate that trend. He has only accelerated it in his special way. The appearance of order at the summit of government is not to be sneered at, though it has a price.

John Osborne

Is General de Gaulle That Alarming?

Paris

A suspicion is growing in this suspicious city that The Great Common Market Crisis of 1965 is quietly fading away. What General de Gaulle calls "common sense" – the French point of view, that is – will prevail; the noble experiment at Brussels may survive after all, even if in some chastened form. There is even reason to think that de Gaulle's trumpet blasts at his September 9 press conference were not meant to shatter Brussels' walls but to herald several rather easily obtainable French triumphs. Much of what the General was demanding has already been pledged.

The newest crisis, it will be recalled, was precipitated in the small hours of July 1 when the French Foreign Minister, Couve de Murville, marched his delegation away from the Brussels bargaining table. They have stayed away ever since. The ostensible cause of Couve's anger was the Community's failure to agree on a system to pay for the elaborate arrangements created to protect the incomes of European farmers. The real cause, as de Gaulle made clear, was the bid to use this system as the foundation of a supranational Europe.

In what now appears to have been a dreadful miscalculation, the Common Market Commission, the executive organ of the Brussels establishment, had proposed that it should receive directly the levies and tariffs collected on imports. Money is power, and this would have given the Eurocrats a sovereign status. The discussion revolved around rather gritty and technical formulas for farm subsidies and protection. The real issue was national power, about which the Gaullist regime is sensitive to the point of neurosis.

At his press conference, de Gaulle, a bit paler and a shade less articulate than usual, laid down three "conditions" for a continued Community. One, of course, was the completion of the farm financing arrangements without any nonsense about an independent income for the "technocratic, stateless and irresponsible" Commission. A second was cutting the Commission down to its proper size, stripped of any sovereign pretensions. The third demand appeared the

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most horrendous of all, for it seemed to strike at the Rome Treaty, the charter that created the Market. The treaty provides that starting January 1, 1966, Common Market decisions shall be taken by a weighted majority of the Six. Unanimity would no longer be required. This, de Gaulle said, was intolerable. Nothing can infringe the sovereignty of France.

This portion of the General's text provoked anguished protest. But oddly enough, except for the Dutch, none of the General's Common Market partners joined the chorus of moral outrage. The reason for their restraint is now transparent. Responsible officials at the Quai d'Orsay have been quietly passing the word that the General never intended to rewrite the Rome Treaty. France, one is told, will be satisfied with a tacit understanding that the majority rule shall not be invoked to upset any member's vital interest. This kind of deal is acceptable in most capitals of the Six.

Although the French are popularly regarded as old-style nationalists, they have plenty of silent company. The Dutch are virtually alone these days in seeking a European order based on something more than nation states. For example, the German Minister of Economics, Kurt Schmuecker, has been saying for months that Bonn would never permit any majority to lower the common grain price that Germany worked so hard to push up last winter. Rome Treaty or no, Schmuecker has been declaring that the inefficient German peasant must be protected. Even in Brussels, Commission officials say that a silent understanding about the restrained use of majority voting will cause no pain. They go further and contend that everybody has always known that a vital national interest like safeguarding high cost farmers could not be threatened by mechanical votes.

What of the other two conditions? Again, the French appear to be asking for something they virtually have. Officials here say that no new rules are needed to keep the Commission in line, that Paris does not intend to deprive Brussels of its role in making proposals to the Six. Instead, the French say that they merely want the executive organ to abjure ambitious plans to enlarge its authority. The Quai d'Orsay believes that this has already been achieved: The Eurocrats have been so frightened that they will not again attempt anything like the independent income plan – at least as long as de Gaulle is alive. To underscore the point, France now intends to cut off the Commission's head by removing President Walter Hallstein. That should not be hard since his term runs out at the end of the year and a unanimous vote is required to retain him.

As for the finances to subsidize and protect the farmers, the French almost had that one sewed up last June. If Couve had waited a few more hours, the Commission would have put on the table a new scheme that more or less met French desires. Couve surely knew this; de Gaulle called him back to Paris deliberately to teach all hands a lesson. In any event, last July the Commission published its new proposal. Today, French authorities say that this new plan is just about what they had in mind.

None of this has a very elevating tone. Those who dream of a United States of Europe are depressed and cynical. But the prospect sketched here does not wander far from present political realities.

The point is that the designers of supranational Europe drew up their plans with two objectives, one of which is now obsolete. First of all, the Common Market was put together to forge a unified defense against possible Soviet attack. It is hard to find a responsible European who regards that threat as real today. The whole thrust of the last few years has been in the opposite direction, towards tearing down barriers against the East. Today the Europeans, for both political and economic reasons, are busily engaged in expanding trade and other contacts with the Communist world. The race for Russian orders has become so intense that even the Germans are negotiating to lengthen their credit terms. In sum, once the European fear of Soviet aggression receded, so did pressure for a supranational Europe.

The second objective is another matter. The Community's founding fathers wanted to bind forever France and Germany, the two powers who have torn Europe apart three times in the last century. Although there is no reason to fear that Bonn and Paris will march on each other today, latent German militarism is taken seriously in Europe. Indeed, after de Gaulle's press conference, Jean Monnet warned that the General was reviving German nationalism. Significantly, he said nothing about weakening Europe in the face of some Russian threat. Monnet's point can't be dismissed lightly. De Gaulle's insistence on national sovereignty finds an echoing response among German politicians who dream of restoring the Reich's glory through nuclear arms.

But despite the distress of the Federal Europeans, all is not lost. If this forecast holds up, the Community will continue to function with all its institutions intact. Ministers and the Commission will meet regularly to tackle monetary policy, the price of oranges, variations in sales taxes, common transportation policies and an infinite variety of practical and immediate problems. Each decision that the six members take tends to erode their individual sovereignty. In the end, a United Europe will perhaps emerge without anyone quite knowing that it has.

There is still another and larger reason for regarding the present state of affairs with some degree of satisfaction. A looser European grouping makes it easier for individual states to continue and strengthen

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their contacts with the East as well as other European countries outside the Market. The more rigid the Market's political structure, the harder it is to build bridges. This very looseness has enabled the Market states to compete for Eastern orders. It takes a particularly dedicated Cold Warrior to contend that this has diminished the prospects for peace.

Moreover, the growing ties with the European Communist nations could exorcise the specter Monnet has raised. It is not farfetched to argue that German nationalism will be deflated when Germany's eastern borders are fixed and accepted. Such a settlement will be much easier to achieve in a world in which there is growing trade and other relations between the Six and the states swinging in and out of Moscow's orbit.

Bernard D. Nossiter

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"INNOVATIONS ARE INTRODUCED DROP BY DROP"

Religious Liberty and the Vatican

Rome

Paul VI inaugurated the fourth and, almost certainly, last session of the Vatican Council by announcing the setting up of a "Synod of Bishops" (a kind of Episcopal Senate which will function as an advisory body to help the Pope in the government of the Church) and by issuing an encyclical (the *Mysterium fidei*) on the dogma of the Eucharist. The first of these measures is a partial concession to the "progressive" trend which has, for some time, been urging an attenuation of the Pontiff's autocratic power and decentralization of the government of the Church; but the second has been hailed as a triumph for the "conservatives," who claim that the Pope has applied the brakes sharply against the "New Theology." From now on "symbolic" and "historical" interpretations are taboo: All Catholics must clearly understand that the bread and wine of the communion are what they have traditionally been for two thousand years – the flesh and blood of our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The mood in Rome today is very different from that which gripped the first session of the Council, in the last months of the life of Pope John XXIII. Then the atmosphere was charged with fervent hopes for innovation. But not one of the more revolutionary projects has reached harbor. Some have been withdrawn altogether, others have been so changed by interminable discussion and cunning procedural maneuver that they are almost unrecognizable. Over the last three years, the "progressives" have had to digest the fact that, although they are the majority, a large number of serious concessions must be made in order to "save what can be saved."

The conservatives in the Council have counterattacked so bitterly that Cardinal Alfrink (one of the leading "progressives" and the Primate of the Dutch Church) actually called an unprecedented press conference, expressly to defend the orthodoxy of the Catholics of his own country and to protest against "certain methods used by the bureaucracy of Roman ecclesiastical government and the way in which certain persons are using these methods."

However, the first skirmishes on the resumption of hostilities in Rome have clearly shown that the "progressives" have not lost their lust for combat. Issue was taken immediately on the first and most important item on the agenda: the declaration on "religious freedom," which had been examined and shelved at the previous session. The text under discussion was the third draft prepared by the appropriate commission and took into account some 300 amendments to the preceding one. This document of about 2,000 words turns on five essential points:

1. Religious freedom is based on respect for the dignity of the individual. Nobody may be forced to act against the dictates of his own conscience, and there must be juridical guarantees that can be invoked by individuals and communities.

2. This does not mean that men have no religious duties. They are duty-bound to listen to the Church's teaching. But, at the same time, the Church must take account of the rights of the individual and the gift of grace conceded by God. God has left man free to decide whether to accept Him and follow the path He has shown.

3. The temporal order is transcended by the relationship between man and God, and the competence of civil

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authority is thus limited. It is an abuse of authority for the state to interfere in matters which do not concern it. The state may only guarantee religious freedom and prevent any kind of discrimination.

4. There can and must, however, be recognized moral and juridical limitations to religious freedom. The state has the right to protect itself. Specifically, the state has the right to intervene when the exercise of religious freedom threatens public order.

5. It is not contrary to religious freedom for the state to concede special privileges to a particular religion, provided that the rights of the other religious communities are safeguarded (this is an escape clause to protect the "concordats" that have been made with the Catholic Church by a number of states, granting favorable treatment over other Christian creeds and different religions).

To the lay mind there is nothing unusual in most of these propositions. They are a statement of the principles elaborated during the last two centuries of modern thought. The Charter of the United Nations is expressed in similar terms and, in Geneva last July, the World Council of Churches made an even more liberal statement of them. But, to the mentality that remains anchored to traditional Catholic teaching, they constitute a distressing novelty. The Catholic Church has, for centuries, considered herself to be the only depository of the Truth. Canon law makes the classical distinction between the Church's "objective right" to spread the gospel, and the "subjective right" of other communities to propagate beliefs. The Church tolerates this "subjective right" with the same Christian charity which tolerates "sin." But it will not assume its defense or even proclaim the freedom to preach it. "No objective right exists," said Pius XII, "for the propagation or spreading of anything that does not correspond to the truth and moral law."

Is the Catholic Church now to be placed on the same level as the other Christian creeds, or even on that of other religions? Are men to be encouraged to doubt the Church's teaching? Are states to be driven along the path of neutrality and indifferentism? This – claim the "traditionalist" cardinals and bishops – amounts to a dangerous heresy contrary to the teaching of all the Popes up to (but not including) John XXIII. Catholicism would thus become tainted with "existentialism," "laicism" and "eirenism." "Catholicism cannot place herself on the level of religious indifferentism that is proper to the United Nations" (Cardinal Ruffini). "The Council must take good care not to decree the destruction of Catholicism in those nations where it represents the only religion" (Cardinal De Arriba y Castro).

This last quotation shows how closely the traditionalist opposition links doctrinal with political motives. It is no accident that the traditionalist strongholds are the Curia Cardinals – drawn largely from the Italian episcopate – and the Spanish and Latin-American Churches (with a few significant exceptions such as Chile) which are still dominated by the Italians and Spaniards. These are the countries in which the spirit of "free examination" has been excluded most successfully and for the longest time. At the same time, they are the countries in which the Church feels herself to be most vulnerable, exposed to the double pressure of lay democracy and Communism.

The most convincing arguments of the "progressives" have their political side, too. How can totalitarian Communism be opposed by those who treat other religions with the same exclusive conception of truth? To say (as the "declaration" does, thanks to the pressure of the ultra-conservatives) that the state may limit religious freedom in the name of "the peace of society" and "public order," does this not mean leaving a dangerous instrument of discrimination in the hands of the state? Are Catholics in Communist countries not persecuted in the name of the very rights claimed by the Church in Franco's Spain or Salazar's Portugal? Here, too, it is no accident that the "progressives" include representatives from Reformation Europe, the United States, the underdeveloped countries and countries such as India where Catholicism must face day-to-day comparison with religious pluralism.

The discussion of religious freedom is not over, though on the personal intervention of the Pope a test vote on September 21 resulted in approval of the text, 1,997 to 224, which means it has been accepted as the basis for a final declaration to emerge after consideration of further amendments.

In this battle – as in those over the powers of bishops, the "sources of revelation," the functions of the laity and the responsibility of the Jews for the killing of Christ we can trace the *leitmotif* which has guided this Vatican Council from the beginning. On each occasion there has been a clash between two different ways of seeing the position of the Church and of religion in the modern world. Three years ago, the illusion could still be nourished that the gap could be bridged by the pressure of a deep-felt desire for renovation which is shaking the very foundations of Catholicism. But experience has shown that the resistance, though it may not be numerous, remains extremely powerful. It is supported by the weight of tradition, the control of the Roman bureaucratic machine and the hesitations of a Pope who is very wary of taking a false step that might give the signal for a process which the central authority could no longer control. It is for this reason, more than any other, that Pope Paul wishes to end the Council with the present session. "In the Catholic Church" – a Roman cardinal has said – "innovations are introduced drop by drop."

Enzo Forcella

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Vietnam Blitz

A Report on the Impersonal War

by Bernard B. Fall

"Bernard Fall . . . is now convinced that American air- and fire-power will carry the field."
Newsweek, September 27

"They have made a desert, and have called it peace."
Tacitus, *Life of Agricola*

It was during one of the quieter periods of his stormy tenure as Ambassador to Vietnam that General Maxwell D. Taylor developed the theme that there was not *one* Vietnam war, but 44: one for each of the provinces of the country. It was a good public relations line, and it lived at least through one or two stateside TV shows before dropping out of sight. The fact remains that there are many kinds of war that are being fought in Vietnam, often in one and the same place – from the Dr. Strangelove missions flown by B-52 superbombers designed to carry H-weapons, to the *punji* stakes covered with human excrement, one planted by the Viet Cong in the middle of a path in the hope that they will pierce a GI's boot and give him a festering wound.

But there are not 44 wars in Vietnam and there never were. There are vast areas where ricepaddy-and-swamp wars are fought; other areas where ridge-running prevails, as it did in the Appalachians during the French and Indian Wars; and, finally, there are even a few areas where one can engage in the kind of jungle-fighting familiar from Late Late Show films dealing with Guadalcanal. All this gets fairly abundantly reported in the American press, particularly when it involves US troops and thus allows the citation (with nickname, age, and hometown) of as many men as space and local interest permit. Of course, there are also the Vietnamese, on whose territory – the hard-nose term is "real estate" – the war is fought. The Vietnamese fall into two categories; the Viet Cong (also known as VC, Victor Charlie, Charlie, or "the Congs"), and "our" Vietnamese, for whom there are no particular nicknames, except perhaps "our allies" or "the friendlies"; both terms followed by a guffaw.

As human beings, neither type of Vietnamese appears to be any longer of great importance. The VC is almost never seen close up; he leads a shadowy existence in deep forests and grottoes, displays no unit insignia even when he wears a uniform, carries no dog-tags by which to identify him, manages to bury his weapon before he is found dead on the battlefield; and pushes his uncooperativeness with our side to the point where he – contrary to more normal armies, including the North Vietnamese when they were fighting the French – constantly changes unit numbers. This hopelessly fouls up Intelligence estimates, order-of-battle reports and other EEI's (estimates of enemy intentions). The "off-again-on-again" Northern 325th Division may well be an example of such totally unorthodox and highly unfair camouflage tactics. For all anyone knows, only a few small segments of that ten-battalion force may have been "in-country," as one says in Saigon. As of the time I left a few days ago, no Intelligence officer was ready to swear that the 352th as a unit had joined the battle in South Vietnam.

The VC, in contrast to the old rule that knowing your enemy is a good step forward to defeating him, have to most Americans (even those who fight them) remained faceless and often nameless. There are no "Wanted" posters in Vietnam offering rewards for the capture of a Communist leader. There are such posters, however – now in tatters but still quite prominent – offering rewards for the capture of various non-Communist losers of Saigon military coups. This impersonality (or depersonalization) of the enemy merely reflects how this war is being fought. When one expects to destroy the opposition through massive use of firepower from afar, regardless of whether it is from aircraft, artillery or naval turret guns, it becomes totally irrelevant to know who the leaders of the "Liberation Front" are, or whether a given VC unit com-

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BERNARD B. FALL *has just returned from an extensive tour of the South Vietnamese battlefields. By a slip originating entirely in the NR's editorial offices, he was reported by NR* [August 24] *as being "on his way to Hanoi" while he was actually with US troops in South Vietnam. The Editors regret their error.*

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mander is a local boy or from a North Vietnamese cadre. For all one cares, the chairman of the Liberation Front could work as a cleanup boy in a US mess hall in Bien Hoa, and nobody would recognize him.

In the same sense, the "friendlies" have become irrelevant. What happens (or who happens to be in power) in Saigon has largely become unimportant. Thanks to the sheer enormity and multifariousness of the American commitment, it is now possible to just about do anything without the approval or the cooperation of the Vietnamese. A few months ago, as long as "Arvin" (shorthand for ARVN, the Army of the Republic of Vietnam) troops were required to mount an operation, American advisers had to plead with often reluctant local commanders. Now, if need be, a whole operation can be mounted from stem to stern without involving a single Vietnamese. The Chulai operation was typical of this: It was American-planned and executed, and the plan was kept a secret from the Vietnamese to prevent the notorious "leaks" for which Saigon is famous. American power also has become great enough to stave off just about any kind of military disaster. When a helicopter-borne outfit of the 101st Airborne was erroneously put down in the midst of a VC assembly area a few days ago, the result should, under normal circumstances, have been unmitigated disaster. During the French Indochina War that happened several times to misdropped paratroop battalions, who invariably made a futile but heroic last stand and got wiped out because there were no reserves available and, above all, insufficient airborne firepower to make the area around the cut-off unit unlivable.

Today in Vietnam, there is *so much* of everything available that almost any kind of military error, no matter how stupid, can be retrieved on the rebound. In the case of the recent battle near Ankhé the misdropped unit was reinforced by other helicopter outfits and progressively surrounded by a protective wall of American firepower until the enemy, unable to maintain his position, broke off contact. At Bongson, on September 24, the VC overran a government outpost, but in the "reaction" operation they allegedly lost 600 men – 500 of whom were killed by American aircraft. Against that kind of slaughter, the teachings of Mao Tse-tung, superior tactics, popular support for the VC, or, conversely, poor motivation among the Arvins and patent ineptness among many of their officers, and even the "mess in Saigon" are totally irrelevant. If tomorrow morning Mickey Mouse became prime minister of South Vietnam it would have precious little influence on the men of US Army Task Force Alfa (in fact, a full US Army Corps in everything but name) or on the fighting ability of the 3d US Marine Division.

Much has been said about the use of B-52's in a counterinsurgency operation or, as it should properly be called, a revolutionary war. Joseph Alsop, always willing to swallow uncritically every official handout on Vietnam, has again assured us in a recent column that the B-52's are necessary to destroy "deeply dug-in" VC installations, thus making a few underground bunkers covered with sandbags and bamboo look like the Siegfried Line.

His words had hardly appeared in print when the Air Force switched targets on Alsop and flew three raids into the Mekong Delta, followed by several raids along the Central Vietnam shore. The trouble with the Mekong Delta is that it is so flat, and the water table so high that one cannot dig a pit privy in the place without hitting water. It is well-nigh impossible to build underground positions in it. And, as official population density maps of Vietnam clearly show, the Delta has (with the exception of one single district out of perhaps thirty) an average population density of about 250 people per square mile, with one belt of districts across the whole Delta reaching the fantastic density of *one thousand people* per square mile! With an average bomb load of 500 tons per thirty-plane raid and a known bomb dispersion pattern of abut 2,000 yards by 1,000 yards for such a raid, the effects of such a bombardment on a heavily-populated area can be readily guessed.

People Are Irrelevant

The point is that this consideration, too, has become irrelevant because it presupposes that hate or love for Saigon or the acquiescence of the Vietnamese population in its own fate, is important. In the view of many of the *realpolitiker* in Saigon and Washington, this is no longer true. Even the old-fashioned military view that a given target must be attained or destroyed before the operation can be called a success no longer holds. The B-52 raids (or "in-country" raids by smaller aircraft) do one thing regardless of whether they hit a VC installation or a totally innocent and even pro-government village – they keep the Viet Cong on the move, day and night, in constant fear of being hit. Gone are the days of large and even comfortable jungle hospitals above ground; of the VC rest camp with warm food, clean clothes and a good swimming hole; of the large ammunition depot and weapons repair plant with electric generators chugging away peacefully. The heavy bombers have changed all that. The VC is hunted down like an animal. His wounded die unattended. A VC combat unit returns from an operation only to find its camp area destroyed and its painfully-amassed rice and ammunition reserve shattered.

And now there are research figures (for this is the most operations-researched conflict in human history) to back up the allegations of success through fire-

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power. Before February 1965 – that is, before the United States began to use jets inside South Vietnam – only about two percent of VC deserters cited air action as a reason for leaving their side. Since then the rate has risen to 17 percent. Indeed, as many an informed observer in Saigon will concede, what changed the character of the Vietnam war was *not* the decision to bomb North Vietnam; *not* the decision to use American ground troops in South Vietnam; but the decision to wage unlimited aerial warfare inside the country at the price of literally pounding the place to bits.

There are hundreds of perfectly well-substantiated stories to the effect that this merciless bombing hurt thousands of innocent bystanders and that one of the reasons why few weapons are found in many cases is that the heaps of dead in the battle zone include many local villagers who didn't get away in time. And every observer in Vietnam meets several American officers who will curse loudly every time they hear a jet overhead, because it again means an invisible objective hit blindly – for an F-105 travels far too fast to see what he hits and must be guided on his target by a "FAC" – a Forward Air Controller in a spotter plane. The same goes for the incredible wastage of artillery ammunition. "In my area," said an American provincial adviser to me, "we shot a half-million dollars' worth of howitzer ammunition last month on unobserved targets. Yet the whole provincial budget for information- and intelligence-gathering is $300."

In another instance known personally to me, a plantation hospital had been pilfered by the VC. When informed of that fact by a plantation official, the immediate reaction of the local command was *not* to pursue the retreating VC with troops – always a tiresome and risky affair – but to propose the laying-down of an artillery barrage on the plantation area. "I had the devil's own time dissuading them from it," said the plantation official later. "After all, we have 9,000 workers and 22,000 women and children here."

Bombing and Defections

Here again, operations research comes to our rescue. Thus far, interrogations seem to show that there is no *positively* hostile association between the devastation wrought upon the countryside, and the United States or the Saigon government. In the words of one of the experts, the aerial attacks on the villages "of course cause unhappiness, no doubt on the part of the villagers, [but] do not cause them automatically to become VC's. In fact we have never met one who has become a VC as a result of this." But perhaps the answer should have read: ". . . who has been willing to admit that he has become a VC as a result of this." Be that as it may, and punchcard stacks to the contrary, a high-level mission was sent to Vietnam a few days ago to investigate the effects of that massive firepower on the Vietnamese. It will probably split along service lines.

The usual reply to all this is that the Communists, too, kill civilians. They murder local officials (over 400 since January, 1965), bombed the US Embassy, hit a Saigon restaurant with a mine which killed and maimed over 20 people, and so on. That is perfectly true. But their ability to do harm is immeasurably smaller than that of the other side, and there is no doubt in anyone's mind, and that includes the Intelligence specialists in Saigon, that the VC are deliberately keeping terrorism at a low level because of its psychologically adverse effects. If the VC set its mind to it, it could go on a rampage that would leave most Vietnamese urban centers a shambles (and it may yet do so if pushed back into the terrorism phase of guerrilla war as its field operations fail), but it has not thus far.

Another aspect of the progressive irrelevance of the human aspects of the Vietnam war is the universally callous attitude taken by almost everybody toward the crass and constant violations of the rules of war that have been taking place. The long-suffering (and far too long silent) International Red Cross finally addressed an appeal in July 1965 to both sides, exhorting them to live up to the Red Cross and Geneva agreements; and it was hardly an accident that Secretary of State Dean Rusk chose August 12, 1965, the sixteenth anniversary of the Geneva Convention on War Victims, to reaffirm America's adherence to the treaty, which was fully ratified by the United States Senate. Both North and South Vietnam also have ratified it.

As personal questions to both American and Vietnamese unit commanders have shown (and I made a point of touching on the subject with most of them), there is only the vaguest idea among them as to what exactly *is* covered by the 1949 Convention; in the few cases where the terms "rules of war" meant anything at all, the officer concerned very often confused the rules of land warfare of The Hague with the Geneva Convention on Prisoners of War of 1929, the 1949 Convention, the Red Cross Convention, and the American Code of the Fighting Man. Several officers would argue that the VC were all "traitors" and thus could be shot out of hand, in yet another misinterpretation of the laws covering treason. But in that case, following the logic of the State Department's assertion that the North Vietnamese were "foreign aggressors," North Vietnamese regulars caught inside South Vietnam would have to be treated as regular POW's, as were American pilots until now if shot down over North Vietnam. Needless to say, no such distinction was made between North Vietnamese regulars and VC regulars, nor between both of them and the VC guerrillas: they are all being treated under the same appalling conditions. The attitude of "this isn't *our* war; it's

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a Vietnamese war" could hold as long as US combat troops were not operating on their own and taking prisoners all by themselves. Now, this is no longer possible and the Viet Cong are in the position of virtually bulldozing the United States into accepting responsibility for what happens to prisoners; they can shoot in reprisal American POW's whom they hold whenever America's Vietnamese ally executes VC prisoners, as just happened in Danang. Two American servicemen had to pay with their lives for that gratuitous gesture. The September 29 announcement by Hanoi that henceforth American pilots caught in the North will be treated as "war criminals" is a direct consequence of Washington's lack of foresight on the POW problem.

If total disregard of signed treaties is allowed to continue, then the Vietnam war will degenerate to an ignominous level of savagery far below that experienced in other guerrilla wars since World War II. During the French Indochina war neither the Viet Minh nor the French were exactly models of knightly behavior, but one-armed Monsieur Durand, the Swiss IRC representative in Saigon, could be seen visiting the camps where the French held their POW's. And while virtually 70 percent of all Frenchmen in Communist camps died from the brutal climate and disease alone, only a very few ever complained of deliberate inhumanity. Indeed, in such savage fighting areas as the Vietnamese Mountain Plateau, the 803d People's Army Regiment was often known to leave French wounded on a jungle trail, with their wounds attended, to be picked up by their own side; and the same happened in the no-holds-barred Battle of Dien Bien Phu.

To me, the real moral problem which arises in Vietnam is that of torture and needless brutality to combatants and civilians alike. The issue has been sidestepped in the United States; or worse, simply ignored as not being an "American" problem. When the famous newsreel was shot showing Marines burning down houses with lighters, the reaction among officialdom in Saigon was not so much one of distress that the incident had happened as one of furor at the reporters for seeing and reporting it. And then to see the Secretary of the Navy trying to explain the act by dubbing the village of Camné a "facility developed by the Viet Cong" hardly raises the moral stature of the whole operation. Yet, since then, charges of unnecessary brutality have again come out of Vietnam. On September 11, 1965, the *Saigon Daily News*, a newspaper published entirely for the English-speaking Western community of Vietnam, showed on its front page a large photograph of American servicemen standing with drawn weapons over a heap of what the caption describes as "dead VC" – all lying face down on the ground, *and with their hands tied behind their backs*. If, contrary to the caption, the dead were not Viet Cong but, instead, helpless villagers shot by the Communists, I'd be only too happy if some of my friends in Saigon corrected the record, or if the Pentagon would issue a detailed denial of the event and a believable explanation of what actually happened.

For the real problem of what such methods of warfare finally do, to the men who practice them or who tolerate them in their surroundings, will have to be faced up to by the United States, just as the problem of torture in Algeria finally had to be faced up to by the French: not just by their government but by every citizen, every educator and every clergyman all the way up to the Cardinal Primate of Gaul. Even the French Army was split down the middle on the subject, with some Intelligence officers (just as some of their American counterparts in Vietnam now) protesting against torture on the practical grounds that it drove the enemy to a "no-surrender" attitude, while an even smaller minority protested on strictly moral grounds. The best-known case was that of Brigadier General de la Bollardière, a much-decorated combat veteran, who resigned from his command in Algeria because, in his words, he was a paratrooper and not a Gestapo torturer. The uproar in France compelled the Paris government to appoint a Commission of Safeguard to investigate the situation; and books by survivors of such tortures, such as Miss Djamila Boupacha or Henri Alleg (*The Question*) became known the world over.

Before I went on a napalm-bombing mission in Vietnam aboard a US Air Force "Skyraider," I was given a full briefing on "E-and-E" (evasion and escape) procedures. I noted that among the items of the E-and-E kit there was a card with a copy of the Geneva Convention of 1929, informing the American pilot of his rights as a possible prisoner and of the obligations of the enemy toward him. It should not be impossible to provide every American serviceman in Vietnam (not just the pilots) with a handy resumé of *his* obligations under the existing laws and treaties toward the hapless civilian population as well as toward the enemy combatant. And while we're at it, a half-million copies in Vietnamese could be printed up for the Arvins to read at their leisure.

Are They Losing the War?

There is one central factor in the Vietnam situation which becomes apparent in the field, although it is not yet recognized on the campuses in the United States and, to a certain extent, in Hanoi and Peking: the immense influx of American manpower and firepower, and the ruthless use of the latter, have made the South Vietnam war, in the *short run, militarily* "unlosable." The italicized qualifiers are of great importance – and I am sure that, as in *Newsweek* of September 27, I will be misquoted by their omission – but the core proposition is essentially correct.

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Early last spring, it was militarily almost feasible for the Viet Cong to destroy, in a series of brutal frontal attacks, one or two Arvin divisions; cause the defection of thousands of disspirited South Vietnamese troops; and present the United States with the *fait accompli* of a non-existing anti-Communist South Vietnam. Similar counterinsurgent nadirs have existed in other such wars: in Algeria and Cyprus, in Aden and Madagascar, in Palestine and Angola. The power of the insurgent is usually underestimated at the outset. Insurgency is at first left to the totally inadequate local police or security forces, and things go radically downhill until the Queen's Own Fusiliers or *les Paras* appear on the scene in great numbers and are promptly backed up by jet fighters roaring overhead.

The fact that the British were soundly beaten at Khartoum by the Sudanese Mahdi and at Mafeking by the Boers of Paul Kruger did not stop them from stumbling on to victory. In the battles of Hoa-Binh and Cao-Bang in North Vietnam, the French lost more troops than at Dien Bien Phu two years later, but fought on. What broke at Dien Bien Phu was France's will to resist – not her ability. And there, it seems, lies the greatest difference between Vietnam in 1954 and Vietnam now; and there perhaps also lies the secret of what may yet become Peking's and Hanoi's greatest policy error with regard to Southeast Asia. In all likelihood both Asian Communist countries (and, for that matter, a great many Europeans, and notably Frenchmen) simply thought of the American effort as being, of course, somewhat larger and more modern than what the French had been doing; but essentially of the same kind. Well, the truth is that the sheer magnitude of the American effort in Vietnam renders all such comparisons futile. The most striking example is of course the air war. Before Dien Bien Phu, the French Air Force had for *all* of Indochina (i.e., Cambodia, Laos, and North and South Vietnam) a total of 112 fighters and 68 bombers. On September 24, 1965, the United States flew 167 bombers against North Vietnamese targets alone, dropping 235 tons of bombs and *simultaneously* flew 317 bomber sorties "in-country," dropping 270 tons of bombs. In addition, a number of B-52's slammed a Viet Cong stronghold north of Saigon, known as the "iron triangle." In that single day, *even without the B-52 raids*, the US delivered more bomb tonnage than the French Air Force did during the whole 56 days of the Battle of Dien Bien Phu.

Confidence in total material superiority now pervades all of the governmental machinery dealing with Vietnam. The whole problem has in one sense become completely controllable; the build-up now can forego crash programs and emergency troop lifts. In Vietnam itself, leases and construction contracts are being let for a three-year period. From a situation full of uncertainties, Vietnam has become a perfectly manageable situation, whose difficulties can seemingly be quantified. It takes a known number of B-52 raids to liquidate the VC redoubt of "Zone D"; it took a known number of weedkiller flights to eliminate 3,000 acres of rubber forest near Bencat; it will take some 300,000 tons of imported rice (South Vietnam used to export 1.5 million tons, but that was long ago, in 1939) to keep the country from starving this year.

After "Victory," What?

The one unknown quantity is the Communists. Now that the fortunes of war have turned against them, they may find it to their long-range tactical advantage to let the war die rather than to openly admit defeat at the conference table. Or they may, as they did in 1951 against France's Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny, lick their wounds for a season and revert to small-scale warfare; and simply stay alive in the hope that a Stalinist coup in the Soviet Union might bring about an American-Soviet confrontation which might provide them with the sophisticated weapons they now need to stay in business. Or they may simply conclude, on the basis of America's newfound willingness to intervene almost anywhere with troops, that "liberation war" was just another tactic that failed (just as "counter-insurgency" has failed on our side) and revert to the nuts and bolts of political agitation.

A few months ago, William J. Pomeroy, who had fought with the Huks against the Filipino government until he was captured, published a small book on *Guerrilla and Counter-Guerrilla Warfare: Liberation and Suppression in the Present Period*, in which he presents an interesting left-wing viewpoint on the causes of a Communist guerrilla failure. According to him, the Huks failed because "phases of legal struggle that were still possible and the creation of a broad united front of a nationalist character were neglected in favor of a rapid build-up of Huk armed forces."

The same may have happened to the Viet Cong in the face of the huge American military build-up, which has largely reduced the whole war to a slugging match between two military forces, the more so as the present Communist leadership in both Hanoi and the jungles of South Vietnam is so quagmired in the war and in its own rigid posture as to have no political leeway whatever. It is now Washington's turn to show whether it can come up with more statesmanship than Hanoi or the VC, or whether it will fall prey to the attractiveness of its own deployed firepower. In the latter case, a prostrate South Vietnam, plowed under by bombers and artillery and still in the hands of a politically irrelevant regime, may become the victim of aroused social and political forces for which no aircraft carrier and eight-jet bomber can provide a ready answer in the long run.

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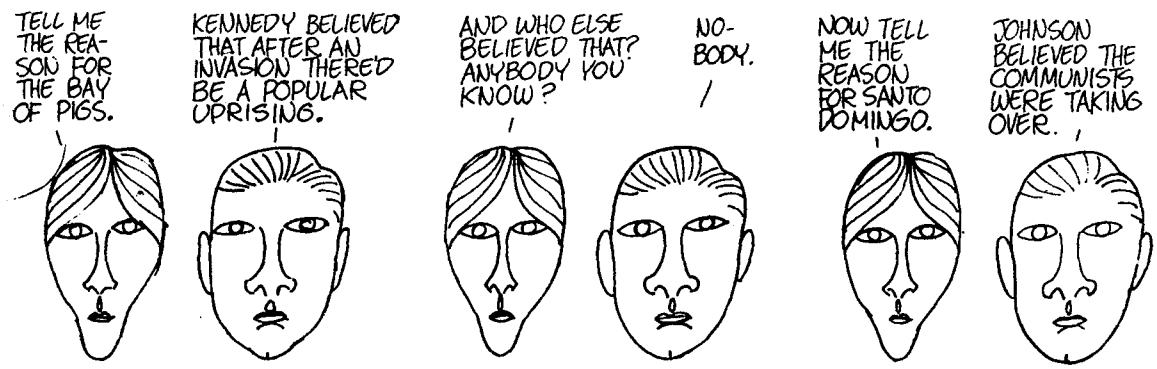
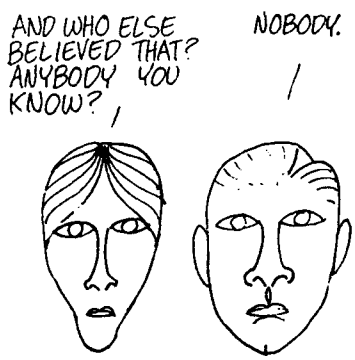
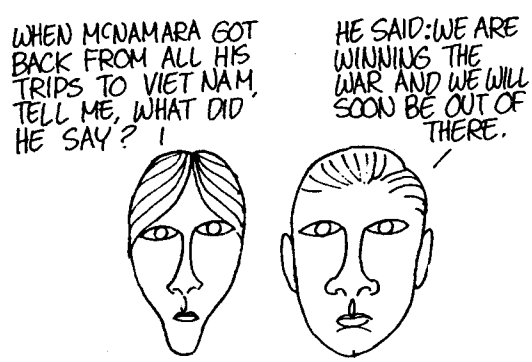
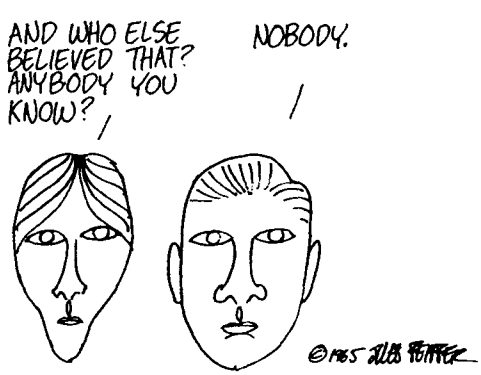
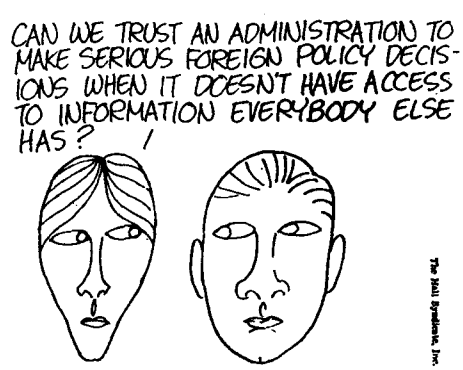
JULES FEIFFER


TELL ME THE REASON FOR THE BAY OF PIGS.
KENNEDY BELIEVED THAT AFTER AN INVASION THERE'D BE A POPULAR UPRISING.
AND WHO ELSE BELIEVED THAT? ANYBODY YOU KNOW?
NOBODY.
NOW TELL ME THE REASON FOR SANTO DOMINGO.
JOHNSON BELIEVED THE COMMUNISTS WERE TAKING OVER.




WHEN MCNAMARA GOT BACK FROM ALL HIS TRIPS TO VIET NAM, TELL ME, WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE SAID: WE ARE WINNING THE WAR AND WE WILL SOON BE OUT OF THERE.




CAN WE TRUST AN ADMINISTRATION TO MAKE SERIOUS FOREIGN POLICY DECISIONS WHEN IT DOESN'T HAVE ACCESS TO INFORMATION EVERYBODY ELSE HAS?
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Kennedy: The Blurred Photograph

by Emmet John Hughes

The way of the political memoirist, as Mr. Theodore C. Sorensen and Prof. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., are currently learning, can be a thorny path. For any responsible now-it-can-be-told exercise must begin with responsive answers to the snarled questions: *When* is "now"? *What* is "it"? *How* is it "told"? The memoirist must shape his responses from many values and tests: taste and timing, fairness and compassion, pertinence and precision, sober scholarship and simple humanity. Even the most faithful weighing of all such concerns, as this season's memoirists now know, promises no saving shield against all critics: A small but strident chorus can be counted upon to excoriate decisions they have never examined. These voices do not matter. All that matters is the inner voice of the memoirist, declaring his dedication to the two purposes that alone dignify his labor: to enrich a little the pure sources of history, and to enlarge a little the intellectual resources of a democracy.

Kennedy
by Theodore C. Sorensen
(Harper & Row; $10)

I speak with some conviction on the problem, for I am not unfamiliar with it. Three years ago, the publication of my memories and opinions of an earlier Presidency (*The Ordeal of Power: A Political Memoir of the Eisenhower Years*) excited the kind of discussion that all publishers' press agents hail as a controversy. I found the term inflated for so unequal a debate: a large number of historical scholars generous and unanimous in appreciation, disputed merely by a small number of journalistic critics who could hardly applaud a contradiction of their own published appraisals of Eisenhower through the years. From Washington, too, there came a few reactions of interest. On Capitol Hill, Sen. Hubert Humphrey could voice, publicly and privately, his unqualified pleasure. At the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, I learned, without surprise, the more complex response of President John Kennedy: He had read the book with relish – only to reflect with a frown upon the number of aides around him so certain, one day, to take up *their* pens.

I found less interesting, however, the cries of some critics – some serious, some splenetic – challenging all such political memoirs as defiant of principle and propriety. I confess to feeling that even the most conscientious objectors were a bit confused in their logic. I found the facile analogy between the confidential relationship of lawyer-to-client and the official relationship of President-to-aide essentially ridiculous: A lawyer's revelations about a client could claim no relevance whatsoever to *either* the historical or the democratic imperatives that *alone* summon a serious memoirist to write. I found the critic piously discovering only senseless gossip in *any* memoir, written at *any* date, hopelessly snared by his own unreason: In the past, he would have had to purge all archives of the reminiscences of a Hopkins or an Ickes or a Perkins, not to mention an aide to Washington or an advisor to Jefferson; and for the future, he would thus condemn the historian to work *only* with the most despised materials – cheap gossip and remote rumor. I felt that the critic enjoining all memoirs until the death of all principals offered an argument at once decently meant and slackly reasoned: Since dead men are notoriously incapable of denying anything said about them, such delay by the memoirist would be more safe but surely not more just. And out of the swirl of all such axioms and assertions, I remained – and remain – convinced of a few essential propositions. One: A political memoir must be deferred until all men concerned have left office, lest their private words be cruelly used to trouble their public roles. Two: Quite properly, such a memoir thereafter should be published with all reasonable speed – for the sake of the public – since a democratic people, particularly in this revolutionary time, should not be asked to wait for 10,000 tomorrows to learn more exactly where they were yesterday. Three: Along with constant concern for taste and fairness and accuracy, such a memoir must deal only with matters clearly and properly of public concern and national meaning.

I summon these thoughts from the past only for their obvious pertinence to the present. An ugly chorus of sneers about all memoirs on JFK already has grown loud. It would be a pity – and a discredit to public intelligence – if this din were allowed to hurt the authors, demean their works, or deny them a fair reading. It requires an immeasurably vicious kind of vulgarity, moreover, to insinuate – as a few have done – that men like Sorensen and Schlesinger are selling their confidences for a pot of dollars. They are serious and gifted and responsible men, officials, and authors – quite regardless of whether one disagrees with many of their printed words (as, alas, I do). And I think it fair to ask that any impassioned decrier of their works pause long enough to ask himself: While it is the right of the critic to judge by any pertinent standards the quality of what he reads, does this literary franchise include the moral authority to proclaim, one way or another, whether what he is reading should ever have been written?

All this said, I should add, for clarity's sake, that I have exhausted any similarities between Mr. Sorensen's and my White House experience and consequent memoirs. Mr. Sorensen was hired by Senator Kennedy in January of 1953, as the Eisenhower Years began; he probably remained the Senator's closest counsellor for ten years; he was an ardent member of the same political

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party; and he was a central figure in a Democratic Administration exciting his full enthusiasm. My role in the Eisenhower Administration had been wholly different, far less full, and far more independent: a volunteer in the 1952 campaign, a White House Administrative Assistant for less than one year working to help a President whose political party was not mine, and – again – a volunteer to serve in the 1956 campaign and on special *ad hoc* assignments. On many issues, the differences between this President's views and mine were always present, and our final dissent probably inevitable. As a result, any truthful memoir of mine about this Republican regime and its officials inevitably entailed (as Mr. Sorensen notes) a measure of "quoting their private conversations against them." Candidly, he states from the outset that his recital, far from being critical, is "not even a neutral account": It is written by "an impassioned participant," in a spirit of "deep pride and conviction." His sovereign conviction – charting the whole thrust of his book – is the falsity of the "most regrettable" popular notion that the Presidency of John Kennedy may be memorable more for "style" than "substance." And to prove this substance – "the strength of his ideas and ideals, his courage and judgment" – Mr. Sorensen submits his voluminous testimony.

It is a work of sustained dignity, honest devotion and prodigious research. It is also, however, a work of baffling paradoxes. The most eloquent Presidential speech-writer of our time, with his massive testimonial to one of the most articulate leaders of our time, has fashioned one of the less eloquent political eulogies of our time. A student of US national politics who had never been outside the US when he joined the Kennedy staff in 1953, he has written accounts of American political campaigning that are mostly quite tedious – and analyses of international crises that are mostly quite brilliant. And oddest of all: a man self-described as "more closely associated with Mr. Kennedy than anyone outside the immediate family" has written his Presidential portrait with the insight and the verve of a casual acquaintance.

The record contains some striking and exciting passages of real worth. The 50-page account of the Cuban missile crisis is a crisp and skillful tale of anxious probing for Soviet intents, and agonized weighing of American alternatives, worth the patient study of any student of foreign affairs. There are almost equally sharp, brief accounts of both the test-ban negotiations and the Berlin crisis, a little marred by a tone so tense and urgent as to imply that Berlin had never before known such menace. There is an acute and illuminating analysis of the make-up of JFK's Cabinet. And the epilogue that takes us, quickly and gracefully, past the ghastly tragedy in Dallas is written with admirably restrained eloquence. It would be hard to surpass both the dignity and the irony, for example, of the two simple statements: "Just before he boarded his helicopter on the South Lawn – November 21, 1963, 10:45 a.m. – I ran out with some suggestions he had requested for 'Texas humor'. I never saw him again."

There are scattered glints through the pages, too, of bright reflections of JFK's manner and mood and wit. Shrewdly shying from military involvement in Laos, the President cites his own rude education: "Thank God the Bay of Pigs happened when it did. Otherwise we'd be in Laos now – and that would be a hundred times worse." Exultant and fresh from his personal triumph in Berlin, he says that he plans leaving a note to his successor "to be opened at a time of some discouragement," with a mere three-word suggestion for solace: "Go to Germany." And always the humor must bubble forth. . . . To an aide insisting that an immediate decision was the biggest JFK would ever face: "We get one of those every week." . . . As he viewed the wreckage after the Bay of Pigs: "Why couldn't this have happened to James Bond?" . . . After *L'Osservatore Romano* jarred his 1960 campaign with an editorial proclaiming the Church's right to tell the faithful how to vote: "Now I understand why Henry VIII set up his own Church."

All this is good and welcome. I wish there were a great deal more in this vein to report, but there is not. Instead, there arise problems and disappointments of many kinds. And these involve the quality of writing, the weight

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of the substance, the soundness of the history, the clarity of judgments, and – above all – the portrait of JFK.

Perhaps least serious but surely most surprising, is the fact that Mr. Sorensen's first book is written in an undistinguished style – never exuberant and often banal. It would be hard to sketch, for example, a less vivid picture of a man just elected President of the United States than this vignette of JFK: "He was jubilant about his victory. At the same time he was deeply touched by it. Above all, he was tired, terribly tired." Or at the almost breathless moment of triumph in the Cuban missile crisis, we join the NSC's Executive Committee merely to learn: "The Soviet ships nearest Cuba had apparently stopped or altered their course. A feeling of relief went around the table." In the corridors of the State Department, we meet Chester Bowles, and we wish some editor could have spared our introduction to him as a man rather too fond of "expediting short-gap expedients." In the recesses of the White House, we are assured of the President's calm and fair view of civil rights: "To him, Negroes were no different from anyone else." And after we have followed JFK through more than 300 pages of congressional, senatorial and Presidential campaigns, nominations, primaries and elections, we hear: "John Kennedy liked politics. He liked talking about it, participating in it, speculating about it." The report is so stunningly superfluous as to be downright arresting.

And such difficulties of style inevitably are related to problems of both substance and structure. The report of Kennedy's 1961 dialogue with Khrushchev in Vienna, for example, finally makes the reader blink. A serene judgment concludes that "neither Kennedy nor Khrushchev emerged victorious or defeated, cheerful or shaken." Yet only four pages later an alarming lament warns that "the harsh atmosphere of Vienna" had been such that "both men had felt that all appeals had been exhausted and that a showdown was next." One would think and hope that so great a despair might have "shaken" at least one of the two men – just a bit.

This but suggests a larger trouble. In pursuit of the proof of the "substance" of the Kennedy Presidency, Mr. Soren-

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sen is a tireless researcher of a remarkable range of subjects. But as encyclopedic detail piles ever higher, the people – their motives and qualities – get buried beyond sight. Somewhere along the way, we are briskly introduced to Sargent Shriver: He is an "energetic, idealistic brother-in-law." An important and intelligent pollster, Louis Harris, also rates two adjectives: "ambitious but idealistic." An Adam Clayton Powell appears and vanishes with the same speed: "flamboyant but effective." As for Mrs. John Kennedy, she commands a description much more tender but no more enlightening. We meet her as a woman who is "exquisitely beautiful, highly intelligent, and irresistibly charming." Glad to concur, we become a little confused when told that her search for "quieter ways" than campaigning to "assist" her husband inspired her to the enterprise of "translating French works on Indochina." And the most respectful reader may be forgiven a quizzical look when he learns that, on her journey with JFK to Latin America, she let herself be kissed on a visit to an orphan home – thereby exciting the "astonishment" of nothing less than "the entire continent."

A little careless hyperbole may not be too remarkable, but a carelessness toward history – and the standards of historians – seems harder to explain. Throughout the book, Mr. Sorensen indulges almost a passion for hiding the source, concealing the occasion, and obscuring the context of the quoted remark – including the words of JFK. Again and again, we see the sudden signal of quotation marks, or marginal indentations, to herald the words of the President; but again and again we cannot tell whether the quotation is written or oral, whispered to an aide or shouted to a rally. And the undated comments with unknown intents to unidentified audiences fill these pages. In one instance, we see quotation marks bracketing what we are told JFK said – " *in effect.*" In another instance we hear a rather pretentious remark from a leading Democratic governor – simply because he "*was quoted* as saying" it.

If all the veiled sources tantalize the historian, the oddly fragmented allusions to many events will torment him. Cryptically, we are told that the President met secretly in Mr. Sorensen's office with "anti-Catholic pamphleteer Paul Blanshard"; but the news is less than stimulating when we are denied any clue to the meeting's tenor, content, or result. Parenthetically, we learn that JFK went to his brilliant rendezvous with Baptist ministers in Houston, early in the 1960 campaign, "with considerable reluctance"; but we are granted no hint to suggest either the reason for his reluctance or the circumstances of his acquiescence. Inexplicably, the Bay of Pigs tragedy is unfolded with no mention whatsoever of any role played in US councils by Adlai Stevenson; but we are assured, a few pages later, that published accounts of his role, soon after the fiasco, were "erroneous."

Along with this want of precision, the weight of partisanship conspires to becloud a number of meaningful issues. Three examples suffice. First: The amiable rapport between the Kennedy family and Sen. Joseph McCarthy is suggested with pain but appraised without candor. While Mr. Sorensen insists on the "solid signifiicance" of Representative Kennedy's thin victory over Henry Cabot Lodge in the 1952 Senate race, the remarkable and decisive refusal of Senator McCarthy even to enter Massachusetts, where his zealous following meant so much to Lodge, passes without notice. There is assurance from Mr. Sorensen that, in succeeding years, the young Senator would have been "more outspoken" about the Wisconsin Senator if he had not "felt inhibited by his family's friendship." But this idly mentioned "friendship" is never fully defined or judged. Second: The relationship of both John Kennedy and Robert Kennedy to the civil rights movement is set forth with more ardor than accuracy. There may have been a "whirlwind of activity" on this front, blowing through the corridors of the Department of Justice in 1961; but the year nonetheless left both civil rights leaders and members of the Civil Rights Commission privately charging both President and Attorney General with icy indifference. Third: The summary of the personal rapport between JFK and LBJ could hardly be more emphatic or more perplexing. In Mr. Sorensen's words: "The President and the Vice President, to the astonishment of many and somewhat to the surprise of them both, *got along famously.*" And this verdict invites the astonishment of all citizens, famous or not, who knew either man.

All this provokes the most unwanted and unexpected question: How perceptively and profoundly *did* Mr. Sorensen know Mr. Kennedy? Such speculation would be impudent and audacious – were it not for fragments of Mr. Sorensen's own testimony. We read: "Not once in eleven years – despite all our discussions of church-state affairs – did he ever disclose his personal views on man's relation to God." We read: After six years of political intimacy and arduous campaigning, when JFK confessed (in October of 1959) that "I think now I can make it," the admission jarred the author as "a surprising statement to me, since I had never thought he thought otherwise." We read: On the tense eve of the Los Angeles convention, Mr. Sorensen drafted the adroit retort to former President Truman's challenge on JFK's youth, cit-

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ing the immaturity of a Washington or a Columbus in past centuries – only to require JFK to delete the name of Jesus Christ as an unfortunately incomparable example. Finally, we read this honest sentence about the two men's White House years together: "He and I continued to be close in a peculiarly impersonal way."

There is no reason to glance so perplexedly at so serious a personal relationship except to seek a true answer to the final riddle of this book. There are a couple of other considerations, at least partially pertinent. The author has had no experience as a journalist. He has had no training as a historian. And perhaps (I do not know) all these facts suggest an answer to the question: Why does this portrait of so strong and vivid a President emerge so thin and frail?

For the final result is painted not in bold oils but in baffling water colors. We read repeatedly about John Kennedy's "growth" over the 1953-63 decade – only to find it attested by such trivial evidence as his quickened respect for traffic laws. We learn that the diligent young Senator "became less absent-minded" – only to wonder when he was *more* absent-minded. We hear that "Jack Kennedy loved Boston and Boston loved Jack Kennedy" – only to be advised promptly that he rarely lived in the city, never owned a house there, and scarcely visited but for campaigns. We are assured of his preoccupation with family concerns even as President – only to be shown as proof his "even taking time out in the White House, for example, to talk with . . . Peter Lawford about his acting career."

And the sweeping judgments of him – both at the start and the end of his Presidency – confound no less. As he sought and chose a Cabinet of men with qualities that "largely mirrored his own," we note carefully these virtues: "an outlook more practical than theoretical and more logical than ideological; an ability to be precise and concise; a willingness to learn, to do, to dare, to change; and an ability to work hard and long, creatively, imaginatively, successfully." I sadly confess that I can find no word in this description that would not naturally fit an advertisement from a Madison Avenue agency urgently seeking a new account executive . . . And when the life of this lusty, laughing leader has come to its savage end, the final tribute reads: "His Inaugural, his wife, his children, his policies, his conduct of crises all reflected his pursuit of excellence." I must believe that John Kennedy could read such a tribute – mingling his oratory and his progeny, his relation to his wife and his relation to Moscow – only with a resigned sigh.

I truly wish that a book of such good and grave intent could be warmly acclaimed rather than coldly dissected. I remain unsure about the essential flaw. But I suspect an important clue may lie in a curious photograph.

The profile of John Kennedy facing the title page is described by the publisher as the author's "favorite picture" of the late President. It is a photograph taken from a live television transmission during his visit to Dublin in June of 1963. Like most such pictures, its grainy texture gives it a rugged quality. The result is strong and striking, not precise and alive. It suggests more the idea of a man than the face of a man. It seems more a thing of granite than flesh. It is imposing. But it is blurred.

And so seems the written portrait. The unhappy cause of this, oddly, might well be the lofty purpose: to prove, as a lawyer or an archivist might strive, that the abiding story of John Kennedy was not a tale of "style" but of "substance." For the scrutiny of this portrait makes one wonder whether such a premise is true or such a distinction important.

The man – simply *as* a man – may have towered above the heap of practical achievements or legislative victories amassed in a meager two years. This would not mark him as less a man, more a midget, or a bit of a charlatan. A Senator is not measured by the number of bills he proposes, a jurist by the number of cases he decides, or a diplomat by the number of treaties he signs. And a President who lives and strives long enough surely can turn the course of history as much by what he *is* as what he *does*. There were no moments in the Kennedy Presidency more shining or stirring than his triumphal visit to Western Europe. There was, however, no "substance" to it: no compacts sealed, no foes routed. But there shone through it all the most splendid *style:* the force and presence and voice of a man blessed with a gift to command new trust, provoke new thought, and inspire new venture on the part of many men – including himself.

Merely a man of such rousing *style?* I doubt that he would have found such an appreciation either insufficient or diminishing. He was not a man to care any more about computers than about conformism. He had a joy in being a Senator – without believing it need be proven by his attendance at roll-calls. He admired the Spanish sense of courage as "grace under pressure" – without imagining that any instrument could measure either. And he rejoiced in being President – without conceiving that this required his being anything but himself.

It could be a baseless fancy, but I have a favorite passage from Thoreau that I have always thought slightly caught his spirit and told of his temper. He may not have lived much in Boston, but I think he would have nodded assent to the sage of nearby Concord, and the instruction: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

This is the way that I think of his stride through history.

And this may be why it seems so hard to snap his picture, pace off his steps, or record the song he heard.

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The Richness of Muriel Spark

by Honor Tracy

If Miss Muriel Spark's new novel had to be described in a single word, undoubtedly that word would be "rich." There is an abundance here of invention, humor, poetry, wit, perception, that all but takes the breath away: At times we have even some little sense of excess, as if, eating a slice of fruity spicy cake, we were to come on a liqueur bonbon or a chocolate truffle.

The Mandelbaum Gate
by Muriel Spark
(Knopf; $5.95)

To begin with, it is continuously exciting. Set in the Holy Land and Israel at the time of the Eichmann trial, it is mainly concerned with Barbara Vaughan, her spiritual dilemmas and discoveries. To a casual eye, Barbara might appear just another middle-aged schoolmistress, tense, nervy, clever, but predictable and easily classified. In fact, there are so many warring elements in her that she often despairs of their fusing into an identity. She is half a Jewess, to orthodox Jews wholly one, as the blood comes from the maternal side, while the other half is as English as buttercups and daisies. She is an honest convert to the Catholic faith, yet has lived in sin and intends to marry her lover whether Rome annuls his former marriage or not. She is over-involved emotionally with a woman, Miss Rickward, the principal of the school where she teaches, whom she dares not tell of her engagement. Now, while the annulment suit drags wearily on, she is making a pilgrimage to the Holy Places, risking death at the hands of Arab fanatics if her Jewish blood becomes known.

Mr. Freddy Hamilton, 54, of the "subdued obedient career" in many British consulates, is excellently observed. Everyone loves dear old Freddy, who considers it a first duty in life to be agreeable. He writes thank-yous for hospitality in neat formal verse, to atone for his dullness as a guest, having often "contributed nothing but the smile for which he had been renowned in his pram"; and every week sends long soothing letters to his diabolical Ma, a tyrant-liar, who lives with a companion on the "vital substance" of the elderly – accusations, reproaches and complaints. (Ma, by the way, is a triumph, emerging in three-dimensional horror from just a letter or two.)

This mild and ineffectual man, drawn to Barbara and alive to her peril, plays knight errant, most improbably, but coming from the hypnotic Miss Spark we swallow it. He helps her creep from the convent guest-house at dead of night prior to smuggling her over the border to safety, only to find she has scarlet fever. All kinds of new expedients and new disguises must be resorted to, and new hazards be faced, not least of which is Miss Rickward, apprised of Barbara's defection from spinsterhood and hot on her trail. Such capers are so foreign to Freddy's way of life that his mind disowns them and – a fresh complication – he loses all memory of what has happened.

The story, in fact, is pure adventure, with the suspense as artfully maintained as anywhere by Graham Greene, but this is only one ingredient. There are memorable descriptions of the Holy Land, fascinating insights into the jumble of intrigue and piety surrounding the Holy Places, and penetrating studies of Arabs, the older ones rabidly anti-Jewish and Islamite, the younger weary of their elders' obsessions, but all venal, suspicious and corrupt, though often kind. Whether from experience or intuition, Miss Spark has the length of the Middle Eastern foot with notable accuracy. A pretty touch is where Freddy asks his Arabic teacher to give him phrases rather more useful and workaday than "despite what unbelievers say, the righteous are protected by Allah," and Abdul promptly assumes that he wants them for eavesdropping and spying in the bazaars.

There are also some delightfully wicked sketches of the English colony, with their settled opinions, terrible parties, amateurish botanizing and their habit of ticketing the people round them. "They think in symbols," Matt said. "That's it," said Joanna. "It's the Arab mentality. They think in symbols." The beauty of the system is of course that, once ticketed, the people in question need never be really thought about again.

Episodes abound, some of them a little highly colored for their context. Deeply

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satisfying, as it is, the stabbing to death of Ma by her crazed companion may be one of the liqueur bonbons referred to above; and the bedding of the grizzled weatherbeaten Miss Rickward with an Arab tycoon, who calls her his "pillar of cedar, golden minaret, rose of Islam, well of sweet waters," is decidedly a chocolate truffle. Both are to be savored, but Miss Spark's humor bites more keenly when pitched in a lower key. Matt, describing at length the emotional effects of newly acquired false teeth, with interpolations wifely and inane from Joanna, is delicious.

> "... When I find myself giving a slightly different sort of smile ... so help me God, I feel a bit false."
>
> "He feels a bit false," Joanna chattered, "and it makes you wonder what sincerity is."

The story was to be their stand-by for some months to come, Miss Spark observes, thereby giving us not only a vivid idea of Matt and Joanna but putting marriage itself in a grisly little nutshell. And there is a world of wry humor in her last, throw-away remark concerning Barbara's own marriage. After all the to-do, the heart-burning and soul-searching, the miseries of the non-Catholic Harry Clegg, the agonizing decisions of Barbara, first to give him up if her Church required it, then to take him and leave the Church, the annulment goes through; and, we are told, "Barbara and Harry were married and got along fairly well ever after."

It is often said that Miss Spark attempts something different and new with every book. I should rather put it like this – that in each of her novels heretofore one of her qualities has tended to predominate over the others. Here for the first time they are all impressively marshaled side by side, resulting in her best work so far and a really outstanding achievement.

FILMS

American Heritage

Two new films by American directors underscore the Biblical aphorism about the sins of the fathers. We are paying now – as directing talents continue to arise in this country – for the fact that our film fathers never developed a tradition of the serious *personal* film. Most American directors accept another tradition – of studio- and audience-pleasing, and do their best within

The Hill (MGM)
Mickey One (Columbia)

it; or else they rebel so strenuously that their work gets wrenched into self-consciousness by its dogged anti-conformity.

Sidney Lumet, as I have noted previously, has developed a facility in film language that, in itself, is more and more impressive. *The Pawnbroker*, despite its failure to reach the tragic heights it attempted, had many moments of incisive cinema discourse. His new film, *The Hill*, is about a British military prison in North Africa (for British soldiers) in World War II. There is a good deal in it that is first-rate, but it is harmed by Lumet's seeming willingness to settle for a film into which he has got a good deal that is first-rate.

A Hollywood screenwriter once asked me what I thought of his generally trite gangster picture. I hemmed. "But," he demanded, "what about that scene where the hood threw himself on his mother's lap? That was right out of A. A. Brill!" There is much more than one "real" scene in *The Hill*, but we must pick out the good moments for totting up because the whole is less than it ought to have been. The script is incompletely thought out; an incompetent actor, who happens to be a star, is in the leading role; and some elements in the direction are strained and flashy. It seems to me that, whatever questions of business and practicality are involved, artistically the director must be held responsible for all these shortcomings. A correspondent berated

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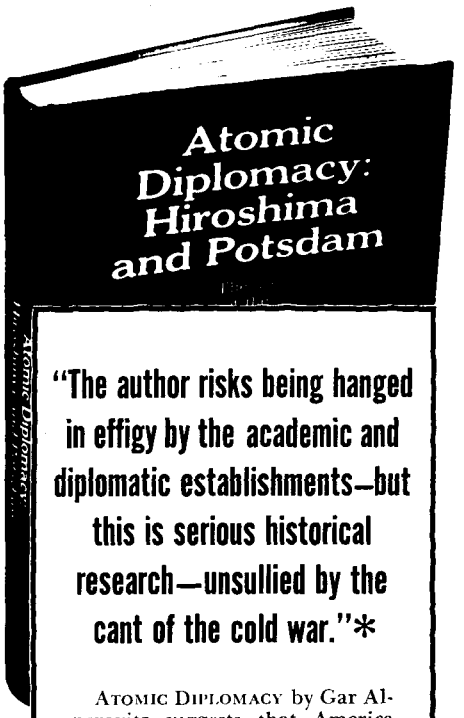

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ATOMIC DIPLOMACY by Gar Alperovitz suggests that America dropped the atomic bomb not merely to hasten the war's end, but primarily as a political show of power vis-à-vis Moscow. The book has indeed been denounced in high places — including *The New York Times*, which gave it for review to a cabinet member of the administration responsible for the decisions Alperovitz examines and challenges.

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me for holding Lumet responsible for weaknesses in *The Pawnbroker* that were in the original novel. Surely the point is that a director accepts or does not accept a script. Either he commissions and supervises it, or the script is offered him and he takes it on; either way he subscribes himself to it. I am well aware of the difficulties of completely independent work in film, but the critic's function is not that of the priest – to provide sympathy for those who are well-intentioned but straitened in this vale of tears.

So, inevitably, one must charge Lumet either with failure to perceive or willingness to accept the fact that Ray Rigby's screenplay of *The Hill* has surface hardness and inner weakness. It tells the story of four prisoners entering the prison camp together and encountering its discipline. That discipline is cruel; it features the punishment of making men run up and down a man-made hill – 35 feet high, a 60-degree angle – with full pack under the blazing sun. There is no question that the guards enjoy it sadistically, but there is also no question that these men have breached military law; and, given the context of armies and wars, what *should* have been done with them? In several recent films about military discipline, there is an implied analogy with civilian prisons that seems to me utterly false. As Giles Playfair and Derrick Sington argue in their books on civilian prisons, our penology is anti-civilization: These prisons should exist only as therapeutic centers to prepare inmates for useful lives. But the whole purpose of a military prison is exactly the opposite: to make its inmates unhesitatingly obedient, to make them willing and ready to kill. The only arguments against military prisons are the arguments against wars and armies themselves, most of which I thoroughly believe; but if I were a commander, I would not want military prisons to be humane, I would want them to scare the wits out of malfeasant soldiers, make them dread the prison more than absolutely anything else. This is not to say that any cruelty, like the hill, ought to be permissible in a military prison; it is to recognize that such a place exists even in peacetime – for a professionally antihumane end, like an army itself. *The Hill* does not recognize this; it just shows the sufferings of four admitted delinquents, with whom we are meant to sympathize. A vague "message" is sloughed off in some maundering dialogue between two sergeant-majors – warder and captive – which is more obligatory than clear. There is no dramatic development of any theme, no real point: just fuzzy liberal outrage.

In Judith Malina's Living Theatre production of *The Brig*, one of the most powerful and acutely directed theatrical productions I have ever seen, the brutal routine of a military prison was – by almost balletic abstraction – rendered into a microcosm of human failings. *The Hill* reaches no such distillation. In spite of some attempts at extension ("We're all doing time," says one prisoner, "even the screws"), it remains very much on the surface of its subject and falters in purpose.

I would guess that Lumet saw Miss Malina's production. If so, he quite properly learned from it. If not, more credit to him for devising such elements as the backgrounds of gymnastic drill, which serve as silent chorus and mobile frieze. There are many adroit touches. The last scene, in which we watch Sean Connery watching a fight, stings as it is cut off sharply. A small boy and a dog trail after a fat belly dancer and certify a cafe's sleaziness. Harry Andrews, the chief warder, slips on a crisply ironed tunic that contrasts silently with the sweating prisoners he has just left. And there is one scene I know I shall never forget, even though it is a familiar situation in prison pictures: the warden quieting rebellious cons. Here Rigby's dialogue and Andrews' acting, combined with Lumet's fine handling of crowds and camera, make it new and true.

All the above are nagged at by defects; hammy directorial displays, like a shot from inside a gas mask worn by a prisoner running up the hill; and stalwart-looking Connery's flabby performance as the principal prisoner. (He ought not to be allowed to speak more than one sentence at a time; he cannot ~~build~~ speeches.) But Andrews is excellent, and of the other players, Ossie Davis, Jack Watson, Roy Kinnear, and Ian Hendry are very good.

The irony of Lumet's film career is that the more fluent his "linguistic"

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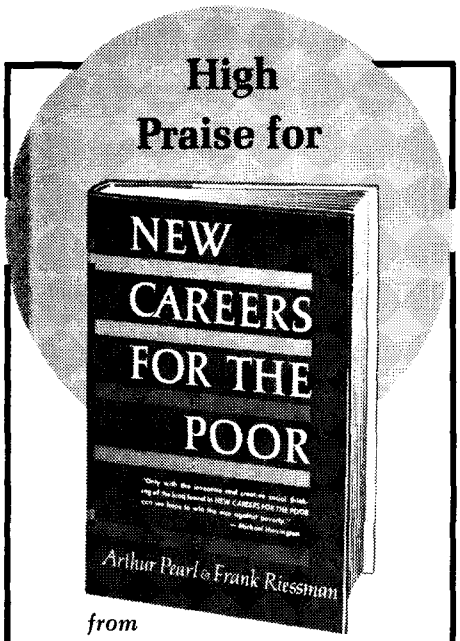

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abilities become, the more his flaws of basic artistic character stand out.

Arthur Penn's *Mickey One* is an example of a film by a director so anxious to make something unusual that he makes a mess. He started here with an absurdly conceived, badly written, dankly symbolic script by Alan Surgal – about a Detroit nightclub comic with huge gambling debts who hides out to save his life. (So he surfaces in Chicago! And goes back on the stage!) The intended overtones about our jungle society, about religion (Who *is* that up there in the spotlight booth?), about a mute artist who wanders through on a junk wagon, are all third-class Philip Barry. Warren Beatty is never for a moment credible as a professional comic but, in spite of some unintelligibility, is occasionally touching. Alexandra Stewart is dull as that sensitive Girl with Soul who teaches the tough guy the meaning of love. (I feel that this character, as such, is a missionary trudging from one picture to another.) Hurd Hatfield tries to control the role of a nightclub boss, but the part splits asunder with a change of focus. Teddy Hart is pathetically affecting as an agent.

But Penn has duped himself. He has bought (in two senses) this script, in all its Chayefsky-Oboler-Pogostin poesy. Further, he has subscribed to the metaphoric fallacy that the most apt expression of American life is in the private-eye mode intensified; that the racketeer, the tough argot, the nightclub milieu are, essentially, *us*. They can be made to *be* us, as can any segment of our society if used artistically; but the *assumption* that they are us is what lames this picture primarily, and the error is compounded by the sophomoric symbolism that is pasted on. Unavoidably, there is a bastard ending; after a picture done in ultra-naturalistic settings, we finish with Beatty playing the piano against a theatrical backdrop of the Chicago skyline.

Penn has talent and serious ambition and seems to be moving towards a kind of expressionist film; but the more vivid his work here, the more futile, because the story and writing are so foolish. One senses that his use of this material is doubly bad because he saw it as a chance to strut his imaginative stuff, rather than – primarily – to serve a theme and some characters. If this is true, he has himself ordained the result: a bunch of images, some of them quite graphic, adding up to nothing.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

ART

A Hand Across the Sea

John Singleton Copley
National Gallery of Art
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Boston Museum of Fine Arts
January 22 to March 6

National identity survives even the deliberate artistic attempt to evade it, an effort sometimes embarked upon out of sheer distaste, or in the belief that some other time and place provide a more worthy exemplar for men's senses and artists' sensibilities. The pre-Raphaelites felt something important went out of art when Raphael came in. Determined to get back to that vanished virtue, they succeeded only in creating the English Victorian art par excellence. Jacques-Louis David likewise thought to hold up to men's minds the edifying practices of Republican virtue in Old Rome and created in spite of himself an art perfectly suited to a new, upstart empire. American painting of the 1950's came into being partly out of revulsion at the strident Americanism of the 30's and 40's and succeeded in making a new art hailed by one and all as the perfect embodiment of urban America at midcentury. Throw it out the door, it comes back in the window; some sense of what we crudely call na-

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tional identity survives purgation and shapes the work.

John Singleton Copley, American and English painter, is claimed both by the land of origin and by that of destination. Unlike other transatlantic artists – there is nothing American in West, Whistler or Epstein, for instance – both sides have a pretty good claim. The traditional American view, supported by the work on view in American museums and family collections, is that Copley was a good, indeed the ranking, American portrait artist and realist of the end of the colonial period, was seduced by the blandishments of London and Joshua Reynolds and settled for being a third-rate British painter for the four decades of life that remained to him after the Revolution. The English view is that American colonial portraiture doesn't count for much, and that Copley was damned lucky to get out of the American provinces and over to the big town. The beauty of the enormous retrospective just opened at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, DC, and due, later in the year, at the Metropolitan and at Boston, is that it provides a long look at both parts of Copley's career, a view hitherto available only to those who traveled, like the artist, from America to England. The double view is pretty convincing that Copley was both American and English.

They managed these things differently in those days, and so the lad, Copley, was well along to learning his craft and exploiting his talent by the time he was 15 in his native Boston just after the middle of the 18th Century. This gave him close to 25 years of development as an American before, on the eve of the Revolution, he embarked for the old country, never to return. He died in London in 1815, thus racking up a full 40 years as a practicing British artist.

Copley made his break at one of the few moments in history when such a break was possible. You can find the same thing in our own time, not necessarily in art, among Anglo-Indians who have become English and among Philippinos who have chosen US citizenship. Besides his natural inclination toward the artistic metropolis, Copley was strongly Tory in his family association, his father-in-law, for instance, having provided the tea for the Boston tea-party. His earliest portraits are those of the early colonial limners, such as the colonies had been producing for a hundred, in some places close to two hundred, years – stiff, chill, intense. The main line of our painting as a nation has been realism in one form or another; even the romantic grail that led men up the Hudson and on to Yellowstone, was in great part a wish to get down on canvas the look of the wilderness. The more important of our painters, Eakins and Homer, and what peers they have, spent time peering intently at the American face before them or within them. So did Copley with great success for a full two decades before his departure, and in his magnificent colonial works we have Paul Revere, the thoughtful Mrs. Humphrey Devereux, Samuel Adams, Rev. Cary, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mifflin, John Winthrop as an astronomer, an astonishingly neo-classic portrait of 1772, Eleazer Tyng, just recently acquired by the National Gallery, and that curious mixture of American realism and English elegance, Mrs. Thomas Boylston. All these somber faces reflect the setting of the course that would arrive at Eakins and the inner turmoil of a hardly groomed ruling class faced with the necessity of cutting the political bonds with England.

The moment was precisely the moment of self-realization. In just those years of Copley's early mastery and among just those people who provided his clientele, Americans for the first time were coming to think of themselves as no longer transported Englishmen. Copley, in contrast, through his marriage connection, but especially through the yearning ambitions of his profession, was coming to the realization that he was really English. He removed.

By the wildest of coincidences, he ar-

Notes on Contributors

Emmet John Hughes, *whose career as a historical memoirist is described in his article, is now on the staff of* Newsweek *magazine.* Honor Tracy's *newest book is* Spanish Leaves.

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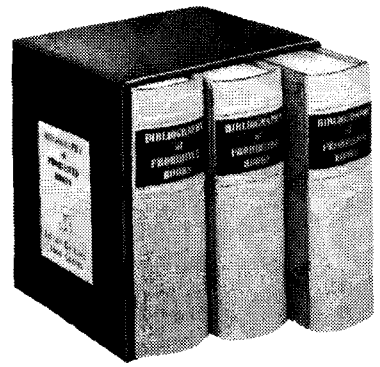

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rived in England in time for another period of national self-discovery and change. He died in the summer of Waterloo. Throughout the preceding four decades, despite the setback in North America, Britain had been preparing itself to become the British Empire. Waterloo set the seal on the change. Copley again became a prophet, helping to create throughout his second career the face of imperial power, a face of absolute confidence, prudence, judgment, acceptance of responsibility however heavy. This is the continuing British reality we see in the portraits of Sir Robert Graham, Admiral Viscount Duncan, a pair of colonels at Gibraltar, the wife of Col. Montresor shown in uniform like Lily Pons but with a world of difference in composure, of the Earl of Mansfield and, perhaps especially, in the gorgeously painted portrait of an apprentice imperialist, Midshipman Augustus Brine.

There are also the "histories," but they are essentially extensions of the spirit of the British portraits. Copley was a recorder of whatever aspect of imperial reality was set before him. His equestrian fantasia of George IV is absurd and empty, as was that monarch. But the "Death of Major Pierson" in a fight on the Isle of Jersey is, in its magnificently worked out central section, a masterpiece.

FRANK GETLEIN

Correspondence

More Sparks from the Parks

Sirs:

Nathaniel M. McKitterick in his "Perking Up the National Parks," (September 18, 1965) asks the National Park Service to do the impossible.

The Park Service was created to administer those areas which the Congress decrees as parks and monuments, not to act as public relations agents for them. A major part of this administrative function is the preservation of these areas in as natural a state as possible. A cable car across Grand Canyon or a Howard Johnson's at Old Faithful is hardly natural.

My experience as a seasonal ranger in Yellowstone National Park, (seven summers), leads me to believe that whenever there is an easier way to view some natural feature or wonder, the typical tourist will choose that way. If the Park Service is to offer the tourist a true wilderness experience, it must offer that experience without alternative.

Richard B. Smith
Grand Rapids, Michigan

I cannot imagine from whom Mr. McKitterick learned that "only seven percent" of the visitors [to Mesa Verde National Park] take the guided tours. The poor seasonal ranger who faced 250 milling visitors for his first trip of the season through Cliff Palace ruin this past summer knows better. During July, when just over a hundred thousand visitors entered the Park, about forty thousand of them visited Cliff Palace alone, while sixty thousand took the self-guiding trip into Spruce Tree House ruin and twenty thousand or so made the rather difficult climb in and out of Balcony House. However you figure it, those visitors constitute a lot more than seven percent of the total visitors. Neither is there as much mys-

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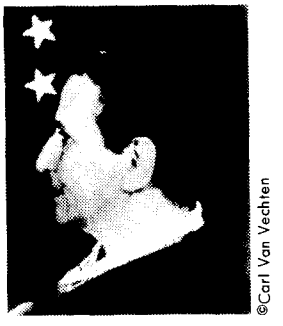

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tery to the Mesa Verde story as the author was led to (or would like to) believe. The occupation of the cliff dwellings was not nearly as sudden as was painted to him, and neither were the reasons for the exodus. . . .

Unfortunately, the author appears not to have spent the night at Mesa Verde. There *are* evening programs, in two separate locations every night from early June through late September. They are not, however, *son et lumière*. Most of us who have seen "slide talks" in other National Parks are very skittish about them and thus the tradition of "campfire talks" that began at Mesa Verde has been retained. Each Interpretive Ranger is required during his first season to write a "talk" within his area of competence that has some relation to the Mesa Verde. These talks in any given season range from a talk on the geology of the Mesa Verde, to a discussion of the daily life of the Mesa Verde peoples, to discussions of Pueblo religion and law. As with the visiting of the ruins, the attendance at these evening programs is large. It is almost always over a thousand in mid-season and was as large as 2000 on at least one occasion this past summer.

David R. Counts
Department of Anthropology
Southern Illinois University
Carbondale, Illinois

Surely Mr. McKitterick is kidding us in suggesting that our National Parks be perked up by the construction of such revolting projects as a cableway across the Grand Canyon. I am rather well acquainted with the National Parks and Monuments of the West and feel that the National Park Service has already gone overboard in catering to the unperceptive masses. . . . Philip Wylie may be correct in stating that people love to go places sitting down, but it is reassuring to see the rapid growth of back-packing by entire families along the high trails of our Sierra Nevada, as well as the steady development of cross-country skiing throughout the country.

Here in the San Jacinto Mountains an aerial tramway was recently built from Palm Springs to the crest of a ridge below the summit of our main peak. It was a very expensive undertaking and was afforded the full treatment of promotion as only Palm Springs knows how to do it. In spite of all the publicity the affair has been a sad flop and the climb to the summit from the small resort town of Idyllwild continues to lure hordes of hikers the whole year round. . . .

Mr. McKitterick should ponder the fact that the Vienna Opera seats only about 1,160 and all the Viennese, and all the tourists that visit Vienna, want to attend, yet there has been no move to build a mammoth Colosseum of an opera to accommodate them all. They make reservations far in advance and are, I am sure, more appreciative of the experience as a result.

Harry C. James
Past President
Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs

I don't dig McKitterick's article in the September 18 issue. . . . He writes: "The Park Service isn't set up to promote tourism." That is correct. Dr. Stanley A. Cain, Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Fish and Wildlife and Parks, and a respected biologist and ecologist, has said: "Tourism is wonderful. I like being a tourist myself. But the spirit of tourism should not, in my opinion, be the guiding principle of national park management."

Evidently, Mr. McKitterick didn't get much out of the park rangers' talks on Grand Canyon and Mesa Verde. He says: "The rangers are much better naturalists, geologists and historians than they are tourist guides." That, too, is correct. The national parks are "outdoor museums" and laboratories for scientific study – they are not recreational areas, contrary to public opinion. The park rangers try to interpret the natural features to the visitor. The Park Service manages for the people of the United States a variety of areas – including recreational areas. But the truly great jewels of the system – Grand Canyon, Grand Teton, Canyonlands, Olympic, Mt. McKinley, to name a few, have to be maintained in their natural state which means free from telefariques and *son et lumière*. Let's not destroy every last vestige of the natural world.

Finally, does McKitterick think people who write their names on important rock formations should not be punished? He mentioned a family being "hounded to their very doorstep in Los Angeles and served with a stiff fine" for defacing a scenic rock in the Grand Canyon. Vandalism is a national disgrace.

Connie Foley
National Park Service
Washington, D. C.

Birth Control

Sirs:

The excellent leading article on birth control (September 25) falls into the common error of implying that contraceptives can only be brought to the people who really need them by clinics manned by highly trained and scarce doctors. This is not so. Contraceptives can be sold and distributed in the same way as cosmetics or Coca-Cola. They

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can be advertised in the press and on TV if need be and be made available in every supermarket, variety store, and drugstore in the country. The difficulties in the way of this lie not in a lack of resources; the Federal Government has the money and Madison Avenue has the talent, but in our unwillingness to treat contraceptives like any other consumer product, either socially or legally. Some kinds do require skilled fitting or the supervision of a physician to control side-effects. But other kinds . . . need neither skilled fitting nor supervision in use. They are the ideal means through which to introduce people to the idea and practice of birth control. Once the idea has been accepted, trading-up to a pill or visiting the local clinic to be fitted with an intra-uterine device will follow naturally. The important thing is to avoid investing the whole subject with overtones of acute stress. People make far more important decisions than adopting or not adopting a contraceptive technique without help from a battery of experts.

R. T. Bushell
Cambridge, Mass.

White Paper on Vietnam

Sirs:

The article, "Republicans at Sea" (September 25) offers an assessment of the performance of Republicans in the House of Representatives to which I dissent on several grounds.

To be brief, I cite only one glaring inaccuracy. The article, while complimenting the literary style of our recently issued White Paper on Vietnam, alleges that this document calls for "more bombings, preferably on people rather than bridges." I enclose a copy of the White Paper. You will find nothing in it remotely resembling a call for more bombings. The paper deals solely with the historical record and does not offer recommendations for future action.

In the interest of fairness and accuracy, I am sure you will wish to correct your error.

Charles E. Goddell, Chairman
Republican Planning and
Research Committee
House of Representatives

In reply . . .

Representative Goddell, chairman of the committee which drew up the Republican "White Paper" on Vietnam policy, is right. It does not propose that the US bomb people. It does accuse the President of "deescalation of the objective of the United States," and says that the Administration makes "threats that are not followed up by appropriate action." What is appropriate action? The report tries to dissociate the Republicans from expansion of the land war (so much so that General Eisenhower had to rebuke his Party colleagues and support President Johnson). That the answer is the application of more air power is implicit. It has been made explicit many times by the House Minority Leader, Rep. Gerald Ford, who, with Rep. Melvin Laird, set up Mr. Goddell's committee in the first place. "I would say that the President's escalation of the conflict in Vietnam today could be handled somewhat better if we would make a greater concentration of our maximum superiority in the air and on the sea," Ford said. He advocates bombing "significant military targets" in the Hanoi-Haiphong area (1960 population: more than a million). The President has so far avoided attacking that densely populated area. *Andrew Kopkind*

The AMA and That Disease

Sirs:

You may be pleased to know that the difficulties you report the American Medical Association as having in publicizing its campaign against venereal disease nationally ("The AMA and That Disease," September 18) are a thing of the past in many local situations. I would imagine that the networks are reluctant to use the word "syphilis" and "gonorrhea" in spot announcements, since they are subject to the whims of local management at the stations affiliated with them. But there are local broadcasters who are not afraid to face the facts.

This is especially true in New York City, where for the last three years, stations have been cooperating with the Department of Health in its drive to eradicate VD. The three key network stations have produced their own

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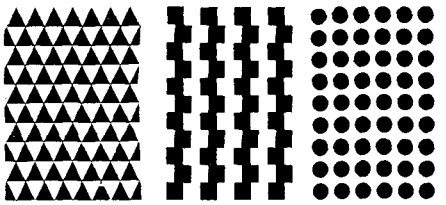

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excellent, forthright documentaries on the problem, describing the symptoms and the dangers of heterosexual and homosexual promiscuity, sometimes with chilling realism.

Regardless of publicity, however, the real work of knocking out infectious syphilis is in case finding. The United States Public Health Service assigns trained investigators to do the job in local areas. In New York this combination of case work and first-rate cooperation from the local broadcasters has brought about a highly satisfactory reduction in the disease during the last three years. There is still plenty of work to be done, but the fact that infectious syphilis is now going down instead of up in New York gives us confidence that it can eventually be licked completely. And the TV and radio stations deserve a great part of the credit.

Jack Roche
Chief, TC-Radio Unit
NYC Health Department

Moynihan Report

Sirs:

With regard to your September 11 article on the Moynihan Report, I should like to confirm the Report's statement with regard to the better opportunities the Armed Services offer capable, intelligent Negroes. I know of cases where they have engendered a passionate devotion to the branch a Negro is in, and a striving to carry out its finest traditions. I also agree with the thought expressed in your article that this is no reason to dump "society's failure" onto the Armed Services. A psychiatrist who worked on a base in World War II where there were units dredged up out of the ghettoes under the work or fight law has told me that a good 75 percent of these outfits landed in his office, including white officers, who were driven distracted by their inability to do anything with these men.

But let us turn this proposition upside down. If Negroes could meet with the same fair play and rewards for merit outside the Armed Services that they now do inside, society would have far fewer failures in its Negro population to contend with.

Gladys Denny Shultz
Garrison, N.Y.

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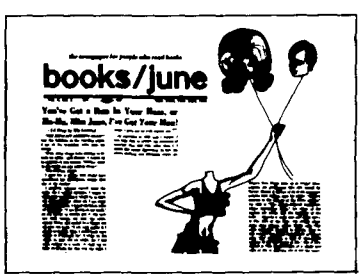

The most popular feature in BOOKS is the exclusive feature "Cocktail Party," the talk of the literati:

Victor Lasky's new book: "R.F.K.: The Man and The Myth."... In the winter of his discothéque, Eugene Boe is writing a paperback guide to New York's more colourful pubs ... Shortly after the assassination, a White House messenger stood outside President Johnson's office and asked, "What do I do with this *now?*" In his hand he held a copy of the Village Voice... It is said that Esquire magazine's list of 100 Best People in the World includes 40 Esquire contributors and employees ... A Greenwich Village graffito: "Death is nature's way of telling you to slow down."

Saul Bellow's interest in writing a magazine article, even a book, on politics and politicians seems to have waned. For background he had met with Vice President Humphrey and flown in a helicopter over Manhattan with Robert Kennedy, Secretary Udall, and Gloria Steinem... The book you'll want to give your girl friend this Christmas is the University of Michigan Press' new translation of "Sappho." . . . "The Johnson Humor" has 124 pages... Two internationally known science magazines still refuse to accept advertising for books by Immanuel "Worlds in Collision" Velikovsky... Lenny Bruce's definition of democracy is "when the Irish, Jewish, Polish, German, Italian, and Negro kids all get together—to beat up the little Puerto Rican kid."... Edward Albee says that he's working on a play about how much association with each other people can stand. Then what were those *other* plays about?

If all books on American women were laid end to end, Elaine Kendall wouldn't be surprised if they exceeded the height of the Empire State Building, which is, after all, only 102 stories. So Mrs. Kendall has gotten in her licks on behalf of the American male. It's called "The Upper Hand," a short book—only 200 pages—pre-condensed, she says. She's dedicated it to the men in her life. . . . Seabury has published a paperback edition of "The Way of the Pilgrim," the book Franny Glass had a nervous breakdown over . . . Are people who need people the

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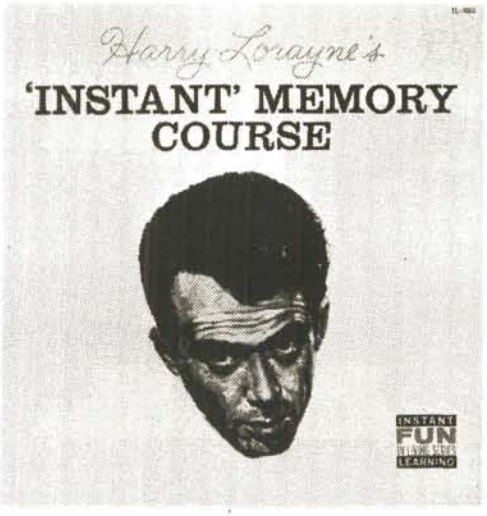

WHO IS HARRY LORAYNE?

Harry Lorayne has appeared on such television shows as: Ed Sullivan, Merv Griffin, Johnny Carson and Jack Paar. He has lectured before clubs, fraternal associations and such business firms as: U. S. Steel, I.B.M., General Electric, and Standard Oil. After his first appearance on the Jack Paar TV "Tonight" Show, Harry Lorayne had just finished calling the correct name of every person in the studio audience—Paar's comment was: "Amazing! Amazing! Amazing!" It has become a simple feat for Harry Lorayne to meet a group of five hundred people; then, hours later, get on stage and point out and address each person by his correct name.
Is this all a trick of birth? No, Harry Lorayne grew up with an ordinary memory until one day, when he was reading a history on ancient Rome, he came across the following sentence—"Lucius Scipio was able to remember the names and faces of all the citizens and slaves of ancient Rome." This started Harry Lorayne studying, developing and perfecting his memory system. Today he is universally regarded by experts as "the man who has the most phenomenal memory in the world."

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